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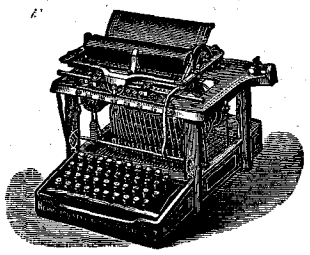

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 6 January, 1894 Number 1

The Week

AT home and abroad the question of the unemployed has continued to occupy the first place in public thought. The discussion in England, even more than that in the United States, has dealt with remedies and not with causes. The matter came before Parliament upon a somewhat hysterical motion of Mr. Keir Hardie, relating to the increase of pauperism and cases of death from starvation. The debate was eminently sympathetic in tone, but led nowhere. Sir Walter Foster, speaking for the Liberals, did indeed rehearse Mr. Gladstone's qualified pledge in favor of an eight-hour day for Government departments, and Mr. Fowler, of the Local Government Board, intimated that conciliatory answers were being given to local authorities who had special relief works on hand and had made application for aid to his Department. But, apart from these suggestions, the members either held that nothing could be done, or differed so much as to what should be done that any agreement upon a comprehensive plan of relief was clearly unobtainable. One old-fashioned Tory demanded a return to protectionism, so that more labor might be employed upon the land. Mr. Balfour, the Conservative leader, took strong grounds against any plan which involved a more rapid extension of the functions of the State. Mr. Keir Hardie, the mover of the resolution, presented a far-reaching programme, which displeased the Conservatives by demanding a drastic reduction of hours on all the railroads, and displeased the Radicals by demanding the immediate construction of eight or ten war-ships. Some of his proposals were good, and they were all those of a man desperately in earnest, who was ready to take hold of any plan which offered more work in any direction. The debate closed with a rather dreary feeling in the House that it had not advanced any nearer the light. On Thursday of last week, when a deputation representing the unemployed waited upon Mr. Gladstone, asking that the Government construct local railways in London, they received the most courteous of treatment, but no promise of help. Mr. Gladstone pointed out that the want of employment was not peculiar to London, nor to any part of Great Britain; and said that it would be difficult for the Government to engage in work that was beyond its usual powers. To a certain extent, he said, he sympathized with those who desired that the Government should own all the railways in the country, but the question was a complex one, which it was impossible for the present to consider.

❀

In our own country the question has been before the local governments only. In one city after another there has been a nearer and nearer approach to public action, but in general the relief funds have been raised by private charity. Public officers, however, have in many cases superintended the distribution, and there has been a general effort to have the relief work expended upon public improvements. The "Review of Reviews," in its January issue, gives a systematic presentation of what has been done in a dozen leading cities. In Cincinnati the city authorities have appropriated thirty thousand dollars for use in the parks, and one thousand men are thus furnished with work when the weather permits. The Associated Charities, supported by the churches, are maintaining a wood-yard, where a few hundred men are somewhat irregularly supplied with work. In Baltimore the Mayor has approved of the plan of the Relief Committee that the city purchase stone for use on the roads, and the Committee furnish work thereon to citizens in need. In Chicago the municipal authorities are doing what they can to furnish work at one dollar a day on the drainage-works, in the parks, and on the streets. The churches in their relief work have come into new and advantageous relations with the labor unions. In Pittsburg the relief funds have been rapidly accumulating, and at the end of last week two thousand men were being employed at one dollar a day under the direction of the Department of Public Works. In St. Louis and Philadelphia relief is being distributed along the old lines. In Philadelphia the distribution is under the direction of a central committee, of which the Mayor is the head, but in St. Louis there seems to be no co-ordination of the charities. In New York City there has been a considerable addition to the private subscriptions to carry on the relief work on the streets and to furnish meals at less than cost, but thus far the efforts to obtain municipal action have been received but coldly by the city authorities. The labor unions of this city, under the leadership of Dr. Coit, of the University Settlement, have been unanimous in demanding that the public shall deal with this pressing public question, but the city authorities have been supported in their indifference by the attitude of certain journals, which, in their dread of "socialistic tendencies," prefer that the charitable public should give food without work rather than that the entire public should give work. It is to be regretted that the labor unions have strengthened the position of their opponents by asking that the relief work be paid for at union wages. This demand, however, was not made unanimously, and one of the clothing-cutters' unions has gladly designated some of its members to work at seventy-five cents a day on the clothing for the South Carolina sufferers. Relief work, which ought to end with the present exigency, should be paid for at rates which will prevent suffering, but not at such rates as will prevent recipients from getting work at remunerative undertakings as soon as may be possible.

❀

What is now needed to give the spoils system its death-blow, and to put the civil service on the basis of good sense, competency, and permanency, is the impetus of a widespread popular interest and adhesion. The American

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The success of this new movement will depend on securing as large a number of signatures to this declaration and demand as possible, for every signer of this statement becomes a member of the National League, without any expense to himself, but with the opportunity of contributing money, if he chooses, for the expenses of the League, and of contributing also his name and his personal influence. The movement is under the general charge of the National Civil Service Reform League. It has no party affiliations, it is non-partisan, and it aims at a National reform. Every American voter of every party ought to affix his name to this statement and sustain this demand by his identification with the reform for which it asks.

❀

Meanwhile it is to be noted that there is definite, though slow and inadequate, progress in the direction of placing the civil service of the country upon a businesslike basis. The report of the Civil Service Commission, recently published, calls attention to various gains which, however slight, are nevertheless indicative of the flow of the current even in official circles. By the action of the last Administration, the railway mail clerks were brought under the merit system, which has been extended now so as to include the free delivery post-offices of the country, its operation having been heretofore applied to those offices only which employed fifty clerks and more. It is high time to take the Indian schools, the consulates, and all other governmental offices involving purely business or technical skill out of the hands of the spoilsman, and out of the commotion and dust of politics. The removal of Mr. Henry White from the position of First Secretary of Legation at London, after a long and honorable service which fitted him above all other Americans for the further discharge of his duties, was a capital illustration of the absurdity of a method which removes a man from office at the exact time when he has become qualified to discharge its duties. As the result of a long struggle, carried on for the most part by a few devoted men, about ten thousand clerks in the public offices at Washington are now under the merit system, which also includes within its provisions the employees of the principal post-offices and custom-houses. The present Civil Service Commission is made up of Messrs. Lyman, Roosevelt, and John R. Proctor of Kentucky. It represents both the great parties, and there is every reason to believe that it is doing its work in strict fidelity to the reform which it represents.

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Two municipal reforms engaged public attention in this city last week. One of them was of the most elementary sort—the prosecution of inspectors for election frauds. The Australian ballot system has made bribery so much more difficult and uncertain that the connivance of inspectors is needful to carry it on successfully. Such connivance, in many precincts, has been secured—man after man, for example, having been allowed, because of alleged defective eyesight, to take a ward worker with him into the polling-booth to help him fold his ballots. The Bar Association, which entered the last campaign to defeat Judge Maynard, collected evidence of such frauds and brought it before the District Attorney in such shape and with such backing that prosecutions have begun. The other reform engaging attention was the far-reaching one in which Dr. Parkhurst is engaged. After successive postponements, evidence was at last submitted by the District Attorney against Inspector Williams and one of the police captains for gross neglect of duty in failing to close disorderly houses to which their attention had been called. The Grand Jury, after listening to the evidence and the judge's charge, refused to present the indictments, on the ground that the evidence was insufficient. Were a less determined man at the head of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, this action of the Grand Jury would be a decided setback. But Dr. Parkhurst has already pushed his reform to the point of awakening the New York public to a sense of the extent to which its officials are in league with the traffic in vice which they are paid to suppress. There is no danger that he will let it drop now. As he has gone on he has gathered in strength, until the public feels that among its own officials are men who profit most by the breaking of its laws, and that the man and the society which, in spite of all obstacles and every sort of abuse, will protect it against its protectors are the man and the society whose work must be supported.

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The appointment of receivers for the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé and the New York and New England Railways is a matter of great economic importance and not a little moral importance. The Atchison system is the largest in the world. Beginning forty years ago in a line forty miles in length between two obscure Kansas townships, it has stretched into New Mexico and California on the west, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and to St. Louis and Chicago on the east. With its leased auxiliaries, it has upwards of nine thousand miles of track. Ten years ago it was a remarkably prosperous road, paying one year a six per cent. cash dividend, a fifty per cent. stock dividend, and having its securities quoted on the market at above one hundred and fifty. Its downfall was due to the invasion of its Kansas and Southwestern territory by the Missouri Pacific, and its invasion of Eastern territory by extending its lines from Kansas City to St. Louis and Chicago. These needless duplications of plant resulted in an enormous decrease in net earnings, leading to two successive reorganizations within the last few years, and now to a third. The moral interest attaching to its present bankruptcy is due to the repeated statements of its management within the last few weeks that it would meet its January interest payments, and that its

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bankruptcy was not to be thought of. The London papers, in commenting upon the announcement of the appointment of a receiver, declare that it deepens the distrust in England of the honesty of American railway management. The New York and New England road has never been more than a speculative enterprise, and during the last year it has been in the hands of President McLeod, of Reading fame. The placing of the two systems in the hands of the courts at the instance of their bondholders is another step toward the nationalization of the railroads through the instrumentality of those most opposed to this change.

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The Supreme Court of Indiana has rendered a decision which has brought alarm to the liquor traffic even here in its citadel of New York. As the "Wine and Spirit Gazette" of this city correctly reports, the Indiana Court "has declared saloons to be nuisances under the common law, and liable for any damage neighboring property may suffer by reason of their proximity." The suit in question was one brought by two women in Indianapolis, the value of whose residence had been seriously injured by the location of a saloon on the adjoining lot. The saloon-keeper urged in defense that he had been licensed by the public to carry on his business in that place. In the lower court the decision was in favor of the saloon-keeper. The Supreme Court, however, with but one dissenting judge out of five, finds for the plaintiff. Here, in a condensed form, are the rulings of the Court:

"It is no mere fanciful notion dictated by dainty modes and habits of living that makes one who has located his home in a quiet and peaceful part of a city object to the maintenance of a saloon on the adjoining lot. Very few people indeed would not object and protest. Even the man who frequents such a place to drink would, as a general thing, object to the traffic obtruding itself within ten feet of his threshold; especially where it is alleged and admitted, as here, that it has so injured the appellant's property, both for selling and rental purposes.

"Did the license set up in the demurrer of Stehlin [the liquor-dealer] constitute a justification? We are of the opinion that it did not. It did not enlarge his rights, but restricted them within narrower limits than they were before." [Here follow several court decisions, beginning with that of the Federal Supreme Court, which reads thus: "Legislative authorization exempts only from liability to suits, civil or criminal, at the instance of the State; it does not affect any claim of a private citizen for any special inconvenience and discomfort not experienced by the public at large.—Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company vs. Fifth Baptist Church, 108 U. S., at p. 332."]

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This decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana is simply an application of the principles of the common law to one of the most serious nuisances of the present day. There is no residence quarter in any American city where the proximity of a saloon is not recognized as a nuisance by the common sense of the community, and that the law should so recognize it is common sense. With the awakening of the public conscience, the direct damage to property-owners from an adjacent saloon becomes more and more marked, and the case against the saloon becomes clearer and stronger. If the temperance people of the country will follow up this decision, we may, in some of the backward States, get local option from the courts before we can get it from the Legislatures. And, what is even more important, we may get it in such a form that it can be enforced despite the indifference of public officials.

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The Outlook has never intimated, as the New York "Evening Post" seems to charge, that there exists one code of ethics for individuals and another code of ethics for nations, but we have said, and we reaffirm it, that "the whole course of the Administration in this [the Hawaiian] business appears to us to be based on analogies between the Nation and the individual which have no sound basis in logic or in morals." All conceivable analogies between the Nation and the individual are not sound in logic; and the analogies on which the Administration's course has been based have been, in our judgment, unsound analogies. If the Nation has done a wrong, it ought to be ready to rectify that wrong, if it can do so. In this respect the analogy between the Nation and the individual is perfect. Nor have we ever found fault with either Secretary Gresham or Mr. Cleveland for the desire to undo a wrong in the name of the Nation which they believed had been perpetrated by the power of the Nation. But we believe their action has been wrong because: First, the Nation gave Mr. Cleveland no authority to determine whether the wrong had been perpetrated, or to set it right, and for him to assume to do for the Nation what the Nation had not authorized him to do was a usurpation of authority; second, because if a wrong was done to Hawaii by the deposition of the Queen, it could not be undone by reinstating the Queen. The wrong was not primarily to the Queen, but to the people of Hawaii, by the intermeddling with their affairs; and to intermeddle with their affairs again was to do them another wrong. Damages might be due to the Queen; but to reinstate her upon the throne was to do a wrong to the people, who have a right to determine for themselves whether they will reinstate her.

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The New York "Evangelist" publishes a letter from Mr. L. B. Paton, a brother-in-law of the Rev. Mr. McGilvary, respecting the latter's resignation, already reported in The Outlook, and a reply thereto by Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Each of these gentlemen quotes extracts from correspondence in order to make out his own side of the case, and we are compelled to draw our own conclusions from the fragmentary correspondence thus submitted to the public. The result is, briefly, as follows: The Rev. Mr. McGilvary, a Presbyterian missionary in China, came to the conclusion, to which a majority of Biblical scholars have now come, that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, nor both parts of Isaiah by the same author. He read in the papers the report of the Presbyterian General Assembly in the Briggs case, and thought himself required in honor to tell the Board that in these respects he shared the views of Professor Briggs, and to put his resignation before them. The Secretaries were reluctant to throw a bombshell into the Presbyterian Church; they were aware that this letter would be such a bombshell; they did not, therefore, present it to the Board. They seem to have hoped that somehow delay would obviate action, on the principle that all things come to him who waits. But in this case the motto did not work. Mr. McGilvary insisted that some action should be taken on his resignation. His brother-in-law also insisted. It appears to us very clear that they insisted only that the Board should take the responsibility of deciding whether Mr. McGilvary's views disqualified him from remaining as a missionary of the Board, and should not throw the responsibility of deciding that question on Mr. McGilvary. The Board chose, however, to interpret these letters as insisting that the resignation should be accepted, and accepted it accordingly. According to Dr. Ellinwood, it is the custom of the Board to refer all theological questions as to missionaries to the Presbytery to which the missionary belongs. Why this course was not pursued in this case is not very clear; the attempt to excuse the acceptance of the resignation on the ground that Mr. McGilvary gave the Board no option does not seem to us to be justified by so much of the correspondence as is

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published. The reverse is, indeed, the case. We suspect that the North Laos Presbytery, being made up—so we judge—of missionaries, would have decided that Mr. McGilvary's views did not interfere with his missionary efficiency—of this fact there appears to be no question—and that the Board did not wish such an implied protest against the action of the General Assembly. At all events, the effect is to call home from the service a foreign missionary who longed to remain in China during his Gospel work there, to whose Christian character and practical efficiency the testimony of his associates is unanimous, and whose loss to the missionary cause the Board contemplates "with unfeigned sorrow." If the Board had turned to the Book of Acts before it took its action, it would have found there a better test than a theological standard for missionary fitness, in the decision of Barnabas that the practical fruit of a missionary's labor is conclusive evidence that it is approved of God and should be approved by the Church.

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For more than twenty years London has had three great pressing municipal problems, each so hedged about with vested rights and interests that all Governments, whether Liberal or Conservative, have hesitated to address themselves to their solution. The first of these is the municipalization of the water-supply, for, unlike the inhabitants of Manchester and Liverpool and all the other great towns in England, Londoners still pay heavy tribute for their water-supplies to a dozen private companies, which are possessed of monopolies in virtue of charters several of which are centuries old. The second problem is the disestablishment and disendowment of the old city guilds, which long ago outlived their usefulness, and are now putting their enormous revenues to other uses than those contemplated by the original donors of the real estate from which these princely incomes are derived. The third problem is the unification of London; and to this problem, urged forward by its Radical following in the metropolis, Mr. Gladstone's Government has just addressed itself. It is the most pressing of the three problems, and has become increasingly so since the London County Council was established by the Act of 1888. That Act was passed by a Conservative Government, and, as was the case with the Act of 1835 passed by a Whig Parliament for reforming the municipalities in England, the city of London was left entirely out of its operation. As a consequence of its exemption from these two great measures, the City of London—the small part of the metropolis grouped about the Bank and Mansion House—is, as regards local government, in just about the same condition as it was at the opening of the present century. It has been altogether untouched by the reforms which are the landmarks in the history of England in the nineteenth century, and its local government is still characterized by privilege and old-fashioned exclusiveness, more in keeping with one of the unreformed municipal corporations of the last century than with the present-day municipal spirit in England. None but freemen vote at the election of Common Councilors and the Aldermen, and the Lord Mayor is, practically, elected exclusively by the Court of Aldermen. He presides at the Guildhall and at the Mansion House; but he is the Lord Mayor of the City of London—not of Greater London—and, as Lord Mayor, he exercises his functions over a residential population not larger than that of Trenton or Hartford. With Greater London he has no concern. He has no more to do with its affairs than the Mayor of New York has with the municipal affairs of Brooklyn. The London Radicals, and thousands of Londoners who are not Radicals, desire to see an end of this anachronism. They desire that the Lord Mayor shall be the popularly elected civic head of the whole of London, and that the Guildhall and the Mansion House, and the civic traditions, treasures, and ancient revenues of the city of London, shall be as much the common property of all London's five million inhabitants as the parks and the commons or the Thames Embankment. The mission of the Royal Commission now sitting is not to consider the desirability of this reform. All but the interested few are agreed upon that point. Its purpose is to propound a scheme. The City of London is holding aloof from the Commission. It will have nothing to do with it. But, with or without the aid of the City, the Commission will press on with its work, and a Radical Government will not fail to endeavor to embody its recommendations in an Act of Parliament.

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Political interest in France centers more and more in the question of who shall be the next President of the Republic. President Carnot's term expires on the first of January next, at which time he will have been in office eight years. Under the present system the President of the Republic is elected by an absolute majority of the National Assembly, which is made up of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies sitting together as one body. The latest time at which the next election can take place is November of the present year, and there are already a general counting of votes and countless endeavors to estimate the strength of the different candidates. The element of uncertainty in the situation arises from the fact that before the Presidential election a Senatorial election takes place, and it is impossible at this moment, for that reason, to determine the attitude of the Senate toward the various candidates for the Presidency. For a long time past things have worked together apparently for the re-election of M. Carnot. In the first place, his ability, skill, and personal charm have steadily grown upon the French people as time has gone by, so that M. Carnot, in spite of incessant criticism and of that kind of surface restlessness which is the bane of French politics, has steadily accumulated influence during his term of office. His grace and charm of manner, the quiet dignity of his bearing and his life, and the note of distinction which has run through his discharge of his social duties, have not only created a very pleasant impression, but, in a way, have touched the imagination of the people. His personal good fortune has been evidenced by the rapid removal from influential opposition of many of his natural rivals, including Ribot, Floquet, and De Freycinet. M. Constans and the present French Premier are now his most dangerous rivals, and M. Constans appears to be under a cloud, while the Premier, if he is to share the fate of his predecessors at the heads of successive Cabinets, is likely to meet with political disaster long before the time of the election is reached. The dissolution of Ministries and the havoc of political reputations made by the Panama scandal have left President Carnot untouched. If there were no other reason for his re-election, the fact that he is almost the only available man for the position would go far to secure it for him.

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The questions between France and England raised by the recent French aggressions in Siam are to be settled by diplomatic discussion. Those questions related mainly to boundary lines. A large party in England felt that it was necessary to define what is now known as a "buffer State" in the region of the Upper Mekong, and for several months past French and English diplomatists have been

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endeavoring, in a series of conferences in Paris, to delimit such a State. They have been unable, however, to reach any result, owing to the lack of geographical knowledge of the region, and they have accordingly given up the scheme and have taken up the idea of a joint boundary commission. Lord Dufferin for the English, and M. Develle for the French, have signed protocols agreeing, in substance, to the principle of a buffer State, or neutral zone, to be made up by mutual concessions of territory; commerce and travel to be free within the limits of the zone; and the geographical knowledge for the delimitation of such a zone to be secured by sending out a commission of experts to examine the territory. This method of settling French and English disputes in Siam is so eminently rational that the Chauvinists in France or the Jingoists in England can hardly find the material for serious criticism. The only element of fairness which seems to have been omitted from the arrangement is any consideration for Siamese interests. In diplomacy, as in war, when two great powers are engaged in dividing the territories of a smaller power, the latter is fortunate if it escapes with any shred of territory for itself.

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The English papers are commenting with satisfaction on a change in the military organization of the British forces in India, which is regarded as of great importance in the way of increased efficiency. The control of the provincial armies of Madras and Bombay is to be taken from the local governments and placed in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief in India. The method of vesting authority over extensive bodies of troops in the hands of subordinate governments was the product of times when neither the railway nor the telegraph was in operation, and when communication between different centers of government in a country of great distances was extremely difficult. In the future, instead of three armies in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, there will be four army corps, with an additional force in Burmah, and all under the direct orders of the Commander-in-Chief. While the supreme authority will be in the hands of this official, the administrative work of the different army corps will be carried on largely by the heads of the corps, who will have large discretion in the management of all administrative affairs. In commenting upon this reorganization, which promises to be of no small importance to the effectiveness of the English power in India, the "Speaker" calls attention to the fact that all the military reforms have proceeded from the Liberal party. The abolition of purchase, the short service system, and the territorial organization of regiments, which have practically reconstructed the British army in late years, have originated in Liberal Ministries.

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The formal annexation by Great Britain of the Gilbert Islands has not excited surprise in any quarter; the islands have, in point of fact, nominally been in possession of Great Britain for more than a year, and actual possession has been held during that time of the Island of Butaritari. The annexation is in pursuance of an agreement between Great Britain and Germany, by which many groups of islands in the Pacific have been arbitrarily divided between the two powers. No other powers have a strong interest in the matter; and, as has always been the case, the wishes or interests of the natives have not played a prominent part in the diplomatic arrangements. The native king applied to the United States something over a year ago to right him against the arbitrary acts of the British naval officers, but our State Department has not seen its way to interfere in the matter. The Gilbert Islands number sixteen, and lie to the north of the Fiji Islands, close to the equator, in the Pacific Ocean. The islands have a total area of 167 square miles, and are extremely productive in articles of Pacific trade, such as pearl-shells and copra. The object of Great Britain is obviously to increase the extent of its foreign trade.

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Lake Tchad, the central point of Africa to a casual observer of the map, has been the scene of colonial contentions between England, Germany, and France, in which the last-named power seems to have been worsted by the first two, and then the second by the first. French enterprise in Africa has been prodigious, in spite of setbacks in Madagascar off the east coast, in Dahomey on the west, and now in central Soudan. Monteil has annoyed England by obtaining the friendship of the Emir of Bornu, though Macdonald had arrived first at Kuka, the capital. De Brazza has been troubling Germany by his steamers on the river Sanga, which run almost to the confines of Adamawa, and encroach upon the Hinterland of the Cameroons Colony. However, neither Monteil at Kuka, nor Mizon at Yola, nor Maistre in Baghirmi, nor De Brazza on the Sanga, has been able to check the advance of the opposing powers through the Lake Tchad basin. Though it was stipulated in the existing treaty that France, as controlling the Sahara, should be bounded at Barrua on the northern coast of Lake Tchad, England and Germany have apparently felt no compunctions at dividing the entire central Soudan between themselves. The eastern half, including Wadai, Baghirmi, and part of Adamawa, will belong to Germany, which power engages not to encroach upon the dominions farther east—Kordofan or Darfur or the Egyptian Soudan—which countries England protects. Now comes the surprising news that to her rival Germany has relinquished Yola, the capital and chief district of Adamawa. Thus not only the western half of central Soudan, from Lake Tchad to the Niger, including Bornu, Sokoto, and part of Adamawa, will be controlled by England, but—and this is of more importance—she gets the entire navigable portion of the river Benue, the only African stream affording unchecked communication by steamer from the sea to the distant lands of the interior.

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General News.—The rumors of the massacre of Captain Wilson's forces by the Matabeles have not, as we go to press, been absolutely confirmed, although the latest dispatches from Cape Town repeat the rumors.——Mr. Gladstone was eighty-four years old on Friday of last week; the fact was made the occasion of an enthusiastic reception to Mr. Gladstone when he entered the House of Commons. ——The jury have found Patrick Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, guilty of murder, and have fixed the penalty at death.——A very large number of arrests of Anarchists have been made in Barcelona during the week.——The anti-tax riots continue in Sicily; in several of the Sicilian cities and villages property has been destroyed, and in one or two places rioting has resulted in the fatal wounding of several of the mob.——The prize-fighters Mitchell and Corbett were arrested in Jacksonville last week, and the law as to so-called glove-fight contests is to be tested at once; it is not thought that the Florida authorities will allow the proposed fight to take place in that State.——The ninth Indian National Congress opened at Lahore, India, last week; in his opening address the President declared that the great difficulty in India was

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poverty, and that "a prosperous and contented India could defy six Russias."——Yellow fever has broken out in Rio Janeiro; the representatives of foreign powers have refused Admiral da Gama's request for recognition as a belligerent; the fighting continues in a desultory sort of way; there have as yet been no naval engagements between the Nictheroy and President Peixoto's other new ships and those of the insurgents.——Sir Samuel White Baker, the distinguished African explorer, died on December 30 at Newton Abbot, Devonshire, at the age of seventy-two.——The Manchester ship canal was opened on New Year's Day with a procession of twenty-five laden ocean-going vessels, witnessed by 100,000 spectators.——John Y. McKane has been indicted by the Grand Jury on eleven separate charges of unlawful conduct at the Gravesend, L. I., election.

A Great Opportunity

The Outlook commented last week on the test to which our National spirit and our National organization are being subjected by the condition of things during the present winter. Emphasis must also be laid on the fact that, while we are now confronting a great peril, we are also offered a great opportunity. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world has there been a greater opportunity of dissipating false impressions and of establishing true relations between the different classes which compose society. Many of the greatest perils which society has to face, and to which it has more than once succumbed, have arisen from the mutual ignorance of different sections of society. It is probable that if any real knowledge of the sentiments and the resources of the North had been possessed by the South thirty years ago there would have been no Civil War. It took a tremendous struggle to make the two sections in any way adequately acquainted with each other. Between the privileged and the less fortunate classes in France before the Revolution there was a great gulf of ignorance set, across which very few on either side were able to look. There were a few men who discerned the situation of things, who knew what the peasantry in the country and the populace in the great cities were suffering and what they were feeling, and who knew, on the other hand, the situation and sentiments of the privileged classes. But a tremendous upheaval took place before the mass of people had any idea that the old order of things was in danger.

The Outlook has always held that the only danger from industrial and social disturbances in this country would arise from an ignorance of conditions or from the indifference of the more fortunate classes toward the unfortunate classes. During the last ten years both the ignorance and the indifference have very largely vanished. Never before has there been such widespread knowledge of social and industrial conditions; never before has there been such active, intelligent, and sympathetic interest in the welfare of those upon whom the daily burdens of life rest heaviest. There is still much to be done, however; for there are a host of well-to-people to whom the problem of the poor is a vague phrase which means nothing, so far as their personal co-operation in its solution is concerned; and there are still a great many among the poorer classes who regard the rich with aversion, if not with hatred. There is a great opportunity this winter to awaken the interest of the well-to-do, on the one hand, and to dissipate the false impression among the poor, on the other hand. There is the greatest opportunity of the century to make the two great classes of society better acquainted with each other, and to bring them into harmony with each other. If the great mass of those who are suffering from the depression of the times are made to feel this winter, by wise, intelligent, and far-reaching methods of relief, that their interests are understood and their needs cared for by the classes to whom they look up as more fortunate than themselves, a vast amount of antagonism will die; and with its disappearance will come a new sense of human companionship and a dawning hope of human fellowship which will be precious beyond all price in the future history of the country. A community in which the interest of one class for another is demonstrated, not by a lavish charity, but by a wise and self-respecting fellowship of interests, will have no place for the revolutionary Socialist or the self-immolating Anarchist. If the present suffering shall have as its outcome a new demonstration of the solidarity of society, in a truer knowledge, a warmer sympathy, and a more comprehensive and practical helpfulness between the two classes, it cannot cost too much. Such an outcome would mean more to the churches and to the religious life of the country than any other form of revival of religious enthusiasm; for it would be a new and unprecedented illustration of the Fatherhood of God, interpreted and revealed in the brotherhood of man.

How Not to Do It

It is somewhat discouraging, in such a time of distress as this, to find all manner of plans proposed for relief that have been tried in times past and have against them the testimony of experience. From New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis—all our great cities—come the same monotonous report of thousands of men and women willing to work, but without work, and on the verge of starvation. What are we, who are not on the verge of starvation, going to do about it? It is something to know what not to do.

Laissez faire, natural law, survival of the fittest, prove a lamentable failure. These unemployed are not "the fittest." Most of them can do only one thing well, and that one thing no one just now wishes done; and they are helpless. The "fittest" are not cold or hungry, though their incomes may be lessened. The much-glorified natural law and survival of the fittest has been tried; and under the trial millions have died of starvation in China, millions in India, and thousands if not millions in ancient Rome, and in France under the Bourbons.

Indulging in day-dreams about nationalization of land and industries is equally futile for the present exigency. We are stupid, it is true, if we do not recognize the fact that this army of unemployed is itself an indictment of our civilization, and a demand on us to better it. But, meantime, the army is on the edge of starvation. The question of organizing a victory may be postponed till to-morrow; the question of commissariat confronts us to-day. "Here," says General Booth, "is John Jones, in his hungry raggedness, asking for work that he may live and not die of sheer starvation in the midst of the wealthiest city in the world. What is to be done with John Jones?" That is the question. The nationalization of industries may prevent the production of another John Jones in 1994; but this is January, 1894, and John Jones cannot wait.

Equally idle is moralizing to him or to his wife and children about thrift. Doubtless a large proportion of the hungry and the cold are unthrifty; but doubtless also a large proportion of them have had very little incentive to thrift, very little education in thrift, and not much opportunity for thrift. Again we quote General Booth: "Thrift is a

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great virtue, no doubt; but how is thrift to benefit those who have nothing? What is the use of the Gospel of Thrift to a man who had nothing to eat yesterday, and has not threepence to-day to pay for his lodging to-night?"

Then here comes the Charles Lamb philanthropist, himself giving and exhorting others to "give and ask no questions." And yet even he half confesses that this is no true charity, but only a payment for a pictorial aspect of life which cannot be omitted from the stage without injury to the play. "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and, under a personated father of a family, think, if thou pleasest, that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor." But this mimic and unthinking charity—which is, in truth, no charity at all, since love is never thoughtless—has been tried on a great scale, and, like all falsehoods, only with injury. Literalism insisted on exact obedience to Christ's counsel: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." To give to the poor was at one time in the history of the Roman Catholic Church the first of saintly virtues. "One of the first consequences," says Mr. Lecky, "of the exuberant charity of the Church was to multiply impostors and mendicants." It is as true of such careless and sentimental philanthropists now as then that "the poverty they have relieved has been insignificant compared with the poverty they have caused." It would be worse than folly for Protestants to fall into the error from which the Roman Catholic Church has extricated itself. It no longer "gives and asks no questions."

There is proposed a wholesale charity—the giving away of food and clothing to all applicants, the opening of churches or barracks where any one may have a bed for the asking, the attempt to erase God's law and write in lieu thereof, He that will not work, nevertheless he shall eat. This, too, has been tried on a great scale—a scale greater than proposed in New York and Chicago, and with limitations that promised to mitigate the evils of an indiscriminate charity. We quote, with abbreviations, from Froude's "Cæsar:"

"The younger Gracchus brought forward and carried through, with enthusiastic clapping of every pair of hands in Rome that were hardened with labor, a proposal that there be public granaries in the city, maintained and filled at the cost of the State, and that corn should be sold at a rate artificially cheap to the poor free citizens. . . . The effect was to gather into the city a mob of needy, unemployed voters, living on the charity of the State, to crowd the circus and clamor at the elections. . . . This constituency was well contented with what it had obtained—a life in the city, supported at the public expense, with politics and games for its amusements. It had not the least inclination to be drafted off into settlements in Spain or Africa, where there would be work instead of pleasant idleness."

When Gracchus proposed this and other features of permanent reform, his beggar constituency deserted him, he was slain, and Rome and her impoverished plebeians were worse off than before. To repeat, in a slightly different form, this experiment would be worse than a mistake, it would be a blunder.

Reacting against these thoughtless and lazy forms of pseudo-charity, we are in some danger of falling into a third, that of officialism. Organized charity is just now the public watchword; and organized charity is very important, provided charity is organized, and not something else. But we cannot hire paid officials to exercise our virtues for us. The Buddhist who sets a prayer-wheel going to say his prayers for him, and the American who sets a piece of human machinery going to exercise his love for him, are twins. There is as much of devotion in the one as of real philanthropy in the other. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, is the divine command. We do not fulfill it by organizing a society and paying a secretary to love our neighbor for us. Who knows but that priest and Levite might, when they arrived at Jerusalem, have hired some one to go down and look up that half-dead traveler? If they did, so doing would not have made them the peer of the good Samaritan.

It is enough for one short article to tell "how not to do it." Yet, not to leave this article with so wholly unsatisfactory a conclusion, we may close it with a quotation from the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, which may serve as a text for something further on this subject in a future issue: "If to-morrow every one who cares for the poor would become the friend of one poor person—forsaking all others—there would next week be no insoluble problem of the unemployed, and London would be within measurable distance of becoming a city of happy homes."

The Church and State Question

A correspondent in another column asks us why we do not demand a constitutional provision prohibiting the exemption of colleges and churches from taxation, as well as one prohibiting appropriation of public moneys to institutions under denominational or ecclesiastical control. There are two reasons why we do not comply with his suggestion.

I. We are seeking to accomplish an immediate and practical result, to prevent a present serious evil and a prospective and real peril to American institutions. In endeavoring to secure this result, we seek the co-operation of as large a body of citizens as possible. Substantially all Protestants agree that the State ought not to make appropriations to institutions under denominational or ecclesiastical control; and with them agree a very large proportion, if not an absolute majority, of Roman Catholic laymen. All that is necessary is to call the attention of this body of citizens to the danger of such appropriations, and to the very simple method of preventing them in the future. This done, we may reasonably hope to secure such an amendment to the Constitution of New York State in the approaching Constitutional Convention as will put an end to such appropriations. If, on the other hand, we demand an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the Legislature from exempting from taxation colleges, hospitals, and churches, we should array against us the opposition of a very great number of those who would support the other amendment, and should secure the support of only a comparatively small body of citizens. If the reform which our correspondent calls for is as sound as he thinks it is, we should not demand it at the present juncture, because the only result of such demand would be to lose the reform of immediate importance, without gaining the reform of less importance.

II. But we do not oppose exempting colleges, benevolent organizations, and churches from taxation. It is a great mistake, in our judgment, to confound the demand that appropriations for churches cease with the demand that the exemption of churches from taxation cease. On what principle taxation should be adjusted is a very difficult question, and the most eminent economic students have not reached any agreement upon it. Whether the State should directly or indirectly grant subsidies to the

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churches is not a difficult question, and substantially all Americans are agreed upon it, although the violation of the American principle is, unhappily, a very common American practice. In our judgment, taxation should not be levied in such a way as to discourage the industrial, intellectual, and moral progress of the community. It should be levied, first of all, on property, or on income from invested property; secondly, if necessary, on income from industry; and last of all, if ever, on endowments for philanthropic, educational, and religious uses. If men are combined together to build a railroad, and have secured from the State or the city a valuable franchise, such as the right to use the streets, there is very good reason why they should pay the State liberally out of their profits for the privilege accorded them. If they have combined to build a factory, and have asked the State for nothing except protection to their property, there is less reason for payment to the State than in the case of the railroad corporation. If they have combined to render the State a service, freely rendered from philanthropic and religious motives, with no hope of reward, as by providing an asylum for orphans, or furnishing, in an endowed college, education which the State does not furnish through its public school system, or providing religious instruction and inspiration for those who desire it, there is no reason at all why they should pay for the privilege of rendering this free-will service to the State, unless the State cannot secure from other and more legitimate sources sufficient means to enable it to exercise the necessary functions of government.

For both these reasons we do not oppose the exemption of charitable, educational, and religious institutions from taxation.

The Secret of Ease

Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. The definition is misleading, because painstaking, however infinite, can never take the place of genius. Excellence of all kinds, represented in superiority of skill and thoroughness of work, is secured, however, only by infinite painstaking. It is the mastery of details which gives the hand its sureness and strength when it seeks broad effects and bold lines. There lies behind every great achievement in art, or in any other department of activity, a long course of painstaking which the world does not know and which the man himself largely forgets. "Grace," says Macdonald, "is the lovely result of forgotten toil." The process passes out of the mind; only the beautiful product remains, and that product is perfect ease, finish, and sureness. Those who look at it marvel at what seems to be a gift of nature, but which is in every case the outcome of a strenuous and often painful education. This law of art lies upon the man of genius as heavily as upon the man of lesser gift; for perfection of form never comes in a moment, but always involves some form of education. He who would succeed, therefore, in doing with power and beauty anything which involves imagination, intellect, or skill, must be willing to take infinite pains, and to study the details of his work with the same sincerity and enthusiasm with which he seeks its finer and remoter ends. Nothing is to be despised which contributes to perfection in any form, and the man who is not willing to submit himself to the yoke of patience will never secure that final touch which is the possession of the masters. As the coral islands are built up by tiny contributions, so is a great position or a great power constructed point by point, atom by atom, out of an infinite number of apparently insignificant details.

Editorial Notes

—The American Board is already feeling the good effects in its finances of coming into harmony with the churches. Its donations for November, 1893, were nearly $15,000 more than its donations for November, 1892.

—Mr. Gladstone's vigor this winter is so astonishing that it irritates his political enemies. Mr. Depew reports one of the latter as saying to him that, while half the leaders of the Opposition had been at death's door with the influenza, Mr. Gladstone had escaped with a slight bilious attack and one pill!

—Senator Cockrell has introduced a bill appropriating $100,000 for the promotion of aerial navigation. Needless to say, Senator Cockrell is a free-trader, and probably has heard Henry George's suggestion that aerial navigation would make it necessary to abandon protection or to "roof the country over."

—The acceptance by Mr. Noyes of his appointment by the American Board brings to its final conclusion the long-discussed and at one time apparently interminable Noyes case. Mr. Noyes has borne himself with admirable modesty and dignity through the long and painful experience through which he has passed.

—The New York "Observer" is afraid that The Outlook will "outdistance the strongest Unitarian paper in the country." Of course it will; it expects to outdistance the strongest paper of any kind in the country, denominational or undenominational, religious or secular—including the New York "Observer." That is what it is here for.

—The editor of a non-partisan paper has some difficulties to contend with. If he credits President Cleveland with good motives, a Republican critic accuses him of Democratic partisanship; if he criticises President Cleveland's public acts, a Democratic critic accuses him of Republican partisanship. It cannot be possible that the readers of newspapers are ever partisan, and read through their partisan prejudices. Perish the thought!

—A cablegram to the English papers from Calcutta states that "Mr. James Munro, late Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who is now engaged in missionary work," has testified before the Opium Commission that "the amount of the drug used was small, and the practice of opium-smoking exercised no effect upon the life and habits of the masses, and was no obstacle to missionary work." After reading the evidence, a New Yorker naturally reverts to the introductory statement that Mr. Munro is "late Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police."

—The opposition to letting the Duke of Edinburgh continue to draw $50,000 a year from the British treasury is not surprising, in view of the fact that, as the "Spectator" points out, in case of a war between England and Germany, the Duke, in his new sovereignty over Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, ought to command the German fleet. Moreover, he is, through his wife, immensely wealthy, is neither well known nor well liked in Great Britain, and, as a sovereign of a foreign State, is not amenable to British law. No wonder the Radicals think this $50,000 a year an absurdity as well as a burden.

—Mr. George F. James, who has just resigned the position of General Secretary of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, has rendered very valuable services to the Extension cause in this country. His own academic preparation, including pedagogic and literary studies in France and Germany, and some experience as a teacher of pedagogy, qualified him in an uncommon degree for efficiency in expounding and organizing certain parts of Extension teaching in America. He not only acted as Secretary of the American Society, but edited the "University Extension Journal," prepared the "Handbook of University Extension," and has devoted himself heart and soul to the Extension work. He resigns in order to carry on further pedagogic studies in Europe.

—The scene in the French Chamber of Deputies during the few moments following the explosion of Vaillant's bomb will become historic by reason of its dignity. In the midst of that terrible uncertainty, while the Chamber was still full of smoke, and no one knew how many had been injured or killed, the President, M. Dupuy, struck his bell in a quiet tone and said: "Gentlemen, the sitting continues. It would not be to the dignity of France, nor of the Republic, that such attempts, whencesoever they come, of the cause of which, moreover, we are ignorant, should be able to disturb your deliberations. At the close of the sitting the Bureau will hold a meeting and take, in all calmness, the necessary measures. The next speaker is M. de Montford." These quiet words instantly dispelled the agitation, and showed how impotent Anarchism is to destroy society. When M. de Montford arose, he began, "My daughter is in the gallery whence the bomb was thrown," and then went quietly on with his speech for twenty minutes, although the groans of the wounded were audible from the anterooms, and no one knew how many Deputies were dead or dying. It was a fine scene, and it shows again the splendid reserve force of the French character, which more phlegmatic nations are constantly tempted to overlook.

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The Questions of Examinations

By Caroline W. Latimer

SOME years ago three wise men, to wit, Mr. Edward A. Freeman, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Professor Max Müller, exerted themselves to bring the question of examinations before the public, and to institute an inquiry as to whether any modification of the system on which they are at present conducted were possible. The facts that they stated in their article,[1] and the opinions that they openly expressed, have not resulted in any material alteration, and we can only draw the conclusion that the educational world is not ready for a change in the existing condition of things.

Most persons of experience are agreed in considering examinations to be a necessary evil; but until some substitute can be found for the necessity that shall contain less of the evil, we must make the best of what we cannot dispense with. Still, there is a great deal that is within the power of each of the parties concerned in the matter to do individually, that would tend to lessen the odium connected with it.

In regard to the part of the examiner I am not competent to speak, for, although I may have opinions upon his duties, they are not based upon any personal experience, and I have therefore no right to bring them forward. But I have on many occasions, extending over a period of some years, been placed in the position of the examined, and some things that I have thereby learned present themselves to me as worthy of attention and as possibly of some utility to others.

At the outset I should like to enter a protest against the idea that is held by so many students, and good ones too, that the opinion of those with whom they have worked is governed by the results of examinations. It is only reasonable that their approbation should be valued, and there is no just cause why the desire to possess it should not act as an incentive to effort, our fallen human nature being what it is; but if an instructor be a person whose good opinion is worth any exertion to obtain, it will not be formed upon the mark given for a single final examination. All sensible persons who have any experience either as teachers or learners are fully aware that it is possible for good students to be hindered from doing their best by numberless accidental causes, and equally possible for others who are careless and indifferent and who yet possess good memories and reasonable powers of endurance to acquire a superficial acquaintance with any subject during the small hours of the night in the last weeks before the final struggle. Perseverance, thoroughness, intelligence, and good temper will always be observed and appreciated during the prolonged test of daily work, even though the result of the final examination may fail to do them justice. Moreover, it is upon these qualities that future success is based, and not on examinations the marks for which, in a few months after they are taken, are lost in the great sea of the forgotten.

Assuming, therefore, that the welfare of students, temporal and eternal, does not rest upon the exact percentage of a hundred that they can obtain, we may now consider how far it is within their own power to make or mar in their own cause. The first essential in this, as in all other critical moments in life, is to keep a cool head; this is, of course, one of those things that are very easy to advise and extremely difficult to accomplish, but it is really much more under the control of the students themselves than they are apt to imagine, and it is also a matter in which great improvement will result from cultivation.

I once heard of a student who was taking an examination in ancient history, a subject in which he knew himself to be deficient; and when he reached the last question, which happened to be, "Describe the character of Alexander the Great," his knowledge completely failed him. Not a single incident would come to his remembrance, and yet he realized distinctly that to leave the question unanswered would almost certainly cause him to fail, for the remainder of the paper was not sufficiently good to atone for the loss of a whole question. Being a youth of great presence of mind, however, he wrote down in a clear and attractive manner all that he could remember of the character of Philip of Macedon, with whose history his memory for some reason was somewhat better stored, and then added, "With such a father Alexander's character may be easily imagined," and rumor sayeth that he passed successfully.

Now, I would not be understood as quoting this story as a precedent, for it is certainly open to criticism from some points of view; but it serves to illustrate the subject we are now considering—namely, that calmness and self-possession cannot be too highly valued, for their presence will enable even a little knowledge to go a long way. On the other hand, their absence will often affect seriously the standing of a student who is really well prepared, as once happened with a young candidate for holy orders, who became so hopelessly confused from nervousness that the examiners, in sheer pity, asked him if he could quote any text from either the Old or New Testament. To which he replied, "And Moses said unto Pharaoh, when he was in the whale's belly, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

It is impossible to offer any cut-and-dried advice as to the best method of acquiring the serenity that is of such importance, for each individual is the best judge in his own case as to what influences are most likely to disturb his peace of mind. The appreciation of the fact mentioned before, that the issue of the event (except, perhaps, in the case of competitive examinations) is not of vital importance, has some bearing upon the case; and I have sometimes derived consolation myself from the remark that Damiens is said to have made on the morning of the day that he was executed by torture for the attempt to murder Louis XV., "The day will be long, but it will have an end."

Another point of importance in examinations is to confine the answers to the essentials of the subject in question, for three reasons. In the first place, the examiner has a great many papers to look over, and the task of reading, one after another, a number of answers to the same set of questions, all probably more or less incorrect, is a very wearisome one; so that a paper showing that a student has grasped the main points already, and presented them connectedly, without unnecessary detail, is always calculated to produce a favorable impression. During the last few years I have known more or less intimately a number of persons who are frequently concerned in looking over examination-papers, and not one of them has failed to comment unfavorably on those that contained more than was strictly necessary, even though they were in the main correct.

A second advantage to be derived from conciseness is its assistance in the matter of time. This is not a question of the same importance to every one, for some persons can express themselves much more rapidly than others; but there are a considerable number who find it difficult to adapt their answers to the prescribed limit, and they will find it greatly to their benefit to be as brief as possible from the beginning.

The third reason why it is desirable to make examination-papers as short as possible is that it is the part of prudence in a student to refrain from writing any more than is absolutely necessary, for he can thereby avoid pitfalls into which he might otherwise fall.

The best method of acquiring the habit of concise expression is to cultivate it all through the work done, by

[1] "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination," Nineteenth Century, November, 1888.

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making a constant practice of pausing at intervals and reviewing the work gone over, in order to grasp the essentials of the subject in outline and fix them firmly in mind, leaving details to be acquired later, or dispensed with altogether if they are unnecessary and more than the mind can carry.

The practice of cramming for examinations has been the subject of universal condemnation ever since it has existed; but the fact that all students, from time immemorial, have continued so to do, in spite of all advice to the contrary, seems to point to the fact that it is a matter in which human nature must be allowed to have its own way.

Cramming may be divided into two classes—unlawful and lawful. It is unlawful when the work has been neglected throughout the whole course, and high pressure is put on it at the last moment simply for the sake of getting passed; and for this there is rarely any excuse. When students have studied conscientiously, however, through the year, it is not at all unreasonable that they should spend some additional time at the last in rapidly reviewing dates, formulæ, rules, classifications, and other such things, in order to fix them in their minds. Many persons really cannot remember such matters for any length of time, neither is it at all necessary to their ultimate welfare that they should do so; but, as long as they are required to have them at the tips of their fingers for examination, they *must* learn them afresh at the last moment.

There is no doubt that a great many students suffer from nervous inability to take their minds off the subjects which are oppressing them, and, no doubt, it would be much better for their minds if they could be taken off; but most students are really physically incapable of doing so.

It seems to have been decided that we must always continue to have examinations, and it is absolutely certain that we shall always continue to have nervous systems; and therefore all that can be done is to allow the one to do as little injury as possible to the other, and each person is the best judge of what is most likely to attain this result in his own case.

But the examinations being over are not therefore done with, for it is only after they are over that some of the most bitter feelings in regard to them arise. It would be a great benefit to all students if they would make up their minds, once and for all, not to allow themselves to discuss or criticise the justice of the marks which they receive. The habit of carping, even in silence, at the judgment of those in authority is the very worst that a student can possibly acquire; and the comparison of the results of one person's work with those of another is never productive of any good whatever, while in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it leads to either jealousy or conceit.

Examiners, it is true, are not perfect, and they do occasionally yield to human weakness, for they are men of like passions with ourselves; but they are men, and not the incarnate fiends that many students seem to believe them to be. They spend far more time and thought on the conscientious effort to give each paper the exact amount of praise or blame that it merits than students are generally willing to believe; and their opinion is, in the long run, the correct one, however unfair it may seem at the time to those interested. We are never just judges of our own work, for we are all more or less like the archbishop in Gil Blas, who thought that his best sermon was the one that other people considered "*un peu d'apoplectique;*" and if this is true of work done under favorable conditions and with abundant time for reflection, how much more is it the case when we are nervous, hurried, and more or less fatigued!

If any one who has been in the habit of taking examinations will look back at a distance of five years, when the small personal considerations that influenced his judgment at the time have sunk into insignificance, he will be surprised to find how willing he is to acquiesce in estimates whose justice he was disposed to question at the time.

It is impossible to deny that injustice does sometimes occur; but even if it is possible to be absolutely certain that it has occurred in a given case, complaint never does any good, and probably only makes things worse. If an examiner is really unfair, at all events he affords the student an opportunity for self-control, and this brings its own reward in the satisfaction of feeling one's self to be superior to those in authority.

When all is said and done, however, and even if all the good advice that can be given has been received and laid to heart, the question of luck can never be entirely eliminated from examinations.

Many years ago I became familiar with a story of Miss Edgeworth's called "Conrad the Lucky, and Murad the Unlucky," in which the author endeavors to persuade her readers that no such thing as good or evil fortune ever enters into our destinies, and that success or failure in everything that we undertake is the direct result of our own wise or foolish actions. She certainly makes out a very strong case for her hero, but even as a child I detected an air of improbability about the incidents she related that inclined me to believe that they were "*ben trovato*," and my faith in the moral of the tale was completely overthrown when I began to pass under the rod of examinations. If Miss Edgeworth had had any personal experience of them, she could never have maintained her point; but, fortunately for her, they did not exist in her day, at any rate for women. No matter whether the preparation for them is based upon continual diligent and intelligent work, or whether it represents only the result of cramming at the eleventh hour, the matter of luck can never, as I said before, be entirely eliminated; and in this respect, as in some others in life, the rain falls alike upon the just and upon the unjust.

Indeed, the whole spirit of examinations seems to me to be epitomized in the story of the old darky who was asked whether he had stolen any chickens lately.

"No, mars'," he replied, promptly.

"Turkeys, Isaac?"

"No, mars'."

"Geese?"

"No, mars', no. Neber tuk airy one on 'em."

But when Isaac was safely out of hearing, he chuckled to himself: "If mas'r said *ducks* he'd got me sho'."

Some Methods in the Tompkins Avenue Church

By Edmund Kimball Alden

No subject is harder to handle than the social club of a church. How shall it be kept in such restraint so that liberty may not degenerate into license? How shall it avoid becoming a mere rendezvous for smokers and gossipers? How shall it grow into such a state of independence and freedom that its members may cease to consider themselves as "well-meaning young men" patronized by the church, and the club as a sort of "Miss Nancy" institution coddled by benevolent Christians? Perhaps the Irving Club of Brooklyn can throw some light on these questions.

This club, it may be observed at the outset, is in alliance and not in organic union with the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church. The standing committee of the church exercises a general but not an inquisitorial supervision over the affairs of its ally, and the great personal hold of the pastor and his sympathetic co operation with young men form a powerful bond of union. But the center of the matter consists of these two articles, which the Club prints in heavy type in its constitution: Betting and gambling of all kinds are absolutely prohibited; no intoxicating liquors can be brought upon the premises; and whereas all other articles may be changed according to prescribed forms, these two provisions are as unalterable as the conventional laws of the Medes and Persians. Aside from these salutary restraints there is almost perfect liberty. The broadening "home rule" principle is applied, and there is a generous recognition of the fact that church and club are working with different methods for the same result, the upbuilding of character. The organization is young, not having yet celebrated its second birthday. It does not, of

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course, possess the equipment of a Manhattan or Union League Club. It occupies a modest two-story house on Fulton Street in the Twenty-third Ward, but the land attached to the building is not sufficient for the growing athletic needs of the members, and, like all enterprising clubs, it is considering questions of enlargement or removal.

The interior of the club-house is patterned after the usual arrangements. There is a cozy library near the entrance, well stocked with an excellent collection of books; there is a café; and three or four rooms are supplied with chess and card tables, pool and billiards. Pool seems to be the favorite sport. There exist also a House Committee, members' cards for cigars, etc., all on the received model. Considerable evidence of club spirit appears; the whist experts take part in tournaments, and the members have already that undefinable air which orthodox clubmen adopt when they refer to their own or to some other club. Very possibly an inquirer may ask what good has been accomplished. I have trustworthy information that a marked decrease is noticeable in various bad habits, swearing, for instance, and that a certain resort in the vicinity which enjoys the especial favor of our friend the Adversary has suffered a serious loss of business. This last point emphasizes the observation about the common aims of churches and their allies; if the Church universal is not working to force the affairs of Satan into the hands of a receiver, what is it working for? If the devil is discomfited in a particular ward, ought not the churches to derive some pleasure out of that circumstance, and to welcome all helpers? The tendency of the age is towards confederation—home rule for the different units and leaguing for common aims. Confederations of colonies, of nations, denominations, societies, are in the air. The Irving Club and its friend the church seem to be on the popular side as well as on the right track.

The Club numbers between two hundred and three hundred members, of whom a large proportion are attendants on the church services. It is not the purpose here to enter into details about the organization and work of the Tompkins Avenue Church. But the bare mention of the name calls up the feature of Bible study. The popular and scholarly expositions of the Sunday-school lessons to large audiences of workers have been transferred bodily from Tremont Temple to McDonough Street, and the lecture-room is thronged with teachers and students of the Bible. Dr. Meredith has recently instituted a new division of the time on Tuesday evenings. The session is composed of two periods, of three-quarters of an hour each; during one period the pastor expounds the coming lesson for the Sunday-school; his own analysis and comments are interspersed with questions and answers from the auditors, and thus a working knowledge is gained of the texts and their environment. In the other period Dr. Meredith gives a detailed account of the making of the Bible, unfolding the sources, the origin of the manuscripts, the development of the versions—in fact, such a series of lectures as a practical theological professor would give to a class of students who had forgotten their Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, and who were somewhat rusty on their history. As might be expected, the Sunday-school is particularly strong in numbers and in quality of instruction. Its group of rooms is considered one of the best in the country, in adaptation for the purpose. However that may be, the arrangements are certainly much above the average. About a dozen class-rooms partially surround the large room in tiers, and can be secluded for instruction and thrown open for general exercises; the preparatory and primary departments communicate in the same way with the headquarters; the defect is—and it is common to all Sunday-schools—that there is still left a residuum of several hundred individuals, imperfectly segregated into small groups, all engaged in talking at once, and contributing to a religious babel of forty minutes' duration. The primary department deserves special notice; the doors which wall off the two hundred little ones from the others are closed at an early stage of the proceedings, and the infant classes, carefully graded, and provided with "cunning" little kindergarten chairs, receive systematic instruction.

Deserving of unmixed praise is the Employment Bureau of the church. It has already filled many vacancies in households, and helped numerous applicants to places as nurses, cooks, etc. The rooms of the church are open for this purpose at certain hours of the day or evening, and the matter is in the hands of members of the society who understand the needs of the time.

The social side of religion is rightly made of prominence. The pastor, in spite of his other labors, has recently addressed himself, and with good results, to the herculean task of becoming acquainted personally with each one of the two thousand members. The atmosphere is decidedly social. At a late reception in the church parlors an elderly "pillar" who was perambulating the room, and shaking hands with all comers, pleaded as an excuse for the practice that he had been a Methodist for sixty years, and couldn't get over the habit. Apparently a fair proportion of the church members, besides this elderly pillar and the pastor himself, are of Methodist antecedents.

Probably the principal cause that attracts and holds the many persons who are in one or another way interested in the Tompkins Avenue Church is the conviction that pastor and organization are up to date. There are no pyrotechnics, nor tricks of the mountebank, nor bidding for support by sensations. But there is a wisely conservative radicalism about all concerned in the management, which keeps them abreast with the times in conduct, doctrines, and administration. Of course, to those people who think that all topics can be labeled as sacred or profane, and that the profane topics should never be alluded to in church except by means of "glittering generalities," there is nothing to be said. Dr. Meredith does not so believe; he is inclined to "speak right out in meeting," to use plain language comprehensible by everybody, to refer to "boodle aldermen" by that familiar appellation, and in general to deliver his observations like a modern prophet, without the semblance of putting on airs and talking down to his audience.

There is no necessity of multiplying words about other features of this organization; it is sufficient to say that it has the customary auxiliary forces of a large city church. The distinguishing excellences are, I believe, the club, the organized aid, the systematic study of the Bible, the Sunday-school equipment, and the practical, businesslike spirit which pervades everything. Its position is in the class midway between the organizations of the old type and the thoroughgoing institutional churches like Dr. Scudder's.

Gambling in Real Estate

By the Rev. Thomas C. Hall[1]

There is great difficulty in so defining gambling that legitimate business foresight, with its honorable profits, will not be included. In general, gambling is separated from the legitimate speculation of business by the desire to get something without making adequate return in work and foresight to the community. The man who buys wheat when it is quite plentiful, transports it, insures it, stores it up securely, and then sells it as the community has need of it, may be mistaken in his estimate of the coming need; but he is entitled to a fair profit for his skilled labor in having the wheat ready for use when it is needed. That gambling and illegitimate speculation grow out of this, perhaps even form a main portion of the transactions in wheat, is undoubted. This is so far forth a genuine misfortune. But the evils of gambling at horse-races, in lotteries, on stock exchanges, demoralizing as undoubtedly they are, seem mere trifles compared to the enormous demoralization that springs directly from gambling in real estate, so called. This is a matter, not of theory, but of actual sad experience. The writer of this began work in the city of Omaha just as it started on a speculative career that was not carefully worked up, as at Kansas City or Wichita, but began in the sympathy with the gambling crazes there prevalent. Almost everybody in Omaha, from the sober-

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est bank president to the poorest day-laborer, was involved in the rise of prices that commenced the mania. Ministers, women, and even children at school dabbled in "town lots," situated in many instances far out toward the rising sun.

The first marked evil was the withdrawal from productive work of the most ambitious, shrewd, and active young life of the place. The turning over of lots was exciting and profitable. Every second office was a "Real Estate Exchange." The second great evil was the sympathetic demoralization of the legitimate business houses. These also had to make money fast to keep up with the merchant princes in speculative property. Sensational methods and unsound finance went along with this haste to get rich. The third evil was the enormous increase in rents, driving useful labor to other places, and compelling those who were not sharing in the gambling to pay simply exorbitant rates for the poorest kind of house or office. The fourth marked evil was the rush to Omaha of the lazy, incompetent, and discredited elements of smaller places. These came feeling that in the excitement they might not be unlucky, and could not lose, even if they were—they had nothing, not even character, to lose. The fifth woe was the false estimate engendered about success. The only shrewd man was the man who bought to-day for $1,000 and sold a few hours after for $4,000.

Then came the end. The "bottom dropped out." Prices went down; untold suffering resulted. The poor who had bought lots at fabulous rates, on part payments, and had built houses on them, lost all in the shrinkage; and, after evictions and tears, no one gained, for the houses are even now falling to pieces without tenants. Ministers left pulpits to go into the real estate business, and now, stranded and discredited, hawked books or picked up a precarious existence that reflected no credit on their calling. Others found themselves so loaded with debt that all further religious influence there was impossible.

The banks in Omaha, unlike those in Kansas City, kept their heads fairly well; but many connected with them found their fortunes reduced to a tithe of what they were rated at. Business stopped. The town now lies like a poor, trembling debauchee, paralyzed and suffering after the mad excitement of the "boom." It is the hardest field for religious work known to religious teachers. Moody, Mills, and many others have prayed and toiled and wrought and went away wondering what the matter was. The Episcopal Church is almost the only one that can show any results at all commensurate with the money and labor expended on the city. The place is bound to be one of the chief of the inland centers. Her location, climate, population, and railway facilities are unrivaled west of Chicago; and yet a true friend can hardly wish to see her prosper again, if her prosperity is to be attended with the awful spiritual and moral losses she has suffered from her last rush toward success. What has gone on in Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, Duluth, Wichita, and other places in such a marked manner is going on in all our great towns in smaller degree. It would be a blessing second to none to the rising generation if in some way gambling in unimproved real estate could be absolutely stopped. The man who makes money on unimproved real estate has got something for nothing. His success is poison to the whole community, and there are hundreds who lose their all in vain efforts to imitate him. And the money thus lost is gone. It is labor flung into the effort to hold unproductive land out of the reach of those who want homes and farms and factory sites, until the pressure of population compels them to pay the speculative holder a fancy price. The real estate speculator thus is simply betting on the time when those necessities will compel purchase. The gamblers on the stock exchange hurt the community only very little; the gamblers at the faro-table hurt only themselves and their families; the gamblers in real estate inflict a simply intolerable wrong upon the community at large, and, save in a few instances, without any corresponding financial return to themselves. Compared to this evil the lottery and the stock exchange are only gnats at which we strain while swallowing the camel with hardly a grimace.

The Musical Bugaboo

By Edgar S. Kelley

It was after a Philharmonic concert, at which the faithful had laboriously listened to the very end of a Brahms symphony. In passing out of the lobby I overheard fragments of candid criticism from sincere would-be admirers, offset by gushing outbursts from those who felt it their duty to go into ecstasies over a work attached to a celebrated name.

Presently a young lady amateur remarked that she did not care for the symphony, and, furthermore, feared that her taste for "classical" music was not what it should be.

I begged her not to feel discouraged, for much that is regarded as "classical" is sufficiently beautiful to appeal to any one, while as for the works of Brahms, although I had struggled to enjoy them for nearly twenty years, they had never yet aroused a thrill of emotion.

Indeed, this confession I have made to a number of the leading musicians in the country, and it has been something of a compensation for my waste of time to learn that their experience has been similar to mine. In fact, some of our more independent critics are beginning to express doubts of Brahms's much-vaunted right to be considered the apostolic successor of Beethoven and Schumann, while Mr. Fink, of the New York "Evening Post," has been brave enough to admit that Brahms is an "uninspired contrapuntal virtuoso." This is the technical equivalent to "an intellectual academician," the term applied to the great theorist in a recent number of The Outlook.

There is a class of compositions, interesting, yes, fascinating, to the musical scientist, but disappointing to the man of poetic temperament. This kind of music is always called "classical"—a term which is, naturally, regarded by the majority of people as interchangeable with "dry" and "tedious." I have used Brahms's name, at the risk of being somewhat personal, merely because he has written larger quantities of this particular class than any other man of universal reputation, although Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, in addition to countless works of beauty, have composed many things valuable chiefly as models of form. Both Bach and Handel, besides giving the world many mighty works which carry all before them, also contributed countless inventions, preludes, fugues, etc., wonderful as curiosities in musical structure, but which act as a soporific or an irritant according to the mood of the listener.

Speaking of fugues, the most characteristic definition I have yet heard was that given me by my worthy organ-teacher in Germany. "The term fugue," said he, "is, of course, derived from the Latin *fuga*, a fleeing or flight. In music it is employed to designate a composition in which one part flies from the other, while the public flies from the whole!"

Like our austere Puritan ancestors who sought to convert King Charles the First by regaling him with sermons seven hours in length, pedantic programme-makers have too often puzzled their audiences with harmonic problems and contrapuntal eccentricities, instead of giving them truly good, nutritious music, easily digested. It is, therefore, no wonder that many souls have sickened of the manna, and have longed once more for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

When such grievous mistakes have been made in the endeavor to cultivate the taste of the public, by thus rubbing its back the wrong way, it is but natural that the very word "classical" should be regarded with dread.

I have long been a believer in the theory that they who have a capacity for enjoying good literature can, as a rule, appreciate music of a poetic and dramatic character if it be presented to them in a sympathetic manner. In order to prove this I have tried many experiments, and have almost always been rewarded with gratifying results.

Among my most interesting subjects was a farmer who lived in the mountains of California. I was first induced to visit his place by a friend of mine who assured me that I could scarcely find a lovelier spot for spending a few days of rest. Indeed, his descriptions were none too glow-

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ing; for the ranch, situated on the side of one of the higher mountains, afforded a wonderful series of pictures. From the summit one might view the ocean to the west and the bay to the east, while within the limits of the inclosure hills, valleys, and ravines were diversified with torrents, cascades, and little ponds, which, together with the varied vegetation, wild as well as cultivated, supplied a never-ceasing source of enjoyment.

Thus surrounded, it is not strange that the good man should have been a lover of the beautiful. He was at the same time unusually well read, but, being of Quaker descent, his musical faculties were dormant, although the family possessed a piano, which I found in a very sad condition.

It seems that, while crossing the Rocky Mountains in an open wagon, it had lost out its upper octave, and a key or two from the middle of the board was missing. When asked to play for them, I endeavored to give an idea of one or two pieces that I thought might please, but the result was a series of caricatures; for, as might be readily imagined, the tuning of the unbroken strings was scarcely approximate.

A few weeks after my return to town I incidentally learned from my friend that my performance was considered "remarkable—but—there wasn't any tune to it!"

So charmed was I with this mountain home that the next summer I made plans for spending my vacation there. I also determined, if possible, to convert the family to the love of orthodox music. So I took with me a tuning-hammer and piano-wire, together with several volumes of the work of Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, and other masters.

After getting the piano into passable condition, I played a number of pieces by the best composers—nothing whatever of an inferior grade. But I was always careful to select works possessing truly pleasing themes. As a prelude to each I mentioned such items of interest as occurred to me, thus securing a certain degree of concentration upon the main features.

I called attention to the closing strains of Chopin's nocturne in E flat, Op. 9—the singing of the birds as the sun rises and the tower-clock strikes four. I related the well-known incident concerning the same composer's prelude in D flat called by some the "Rainy Day." This seemed particularly to please the old gentleman, who, being alone when I played it, said to his wife as she came in: "Now, Eme*line*, I want you to hear that piece about the rainy day. It is the most beautiful thing you ever heard in all your life. It sounds for all the world like the rain dropping on an old tin pan."

Some of Chopin's polonaises were greatly admired, especially the one in E flat, Op. 22, where the trumpet fanfare opens the ball, with the long procession of knights and ladies performing various figures, initiated by the first pair and imitated by each succeeding couple throughout the entire line. I told the story of Burger's poem, "Leonora," and played fragments of Raff's symphony of the same name. The march was always a favorite. Then, finding that my hearers were willing to listen to suggestions of the supernatural, I tried the "Danse Macabre," which created such a sensation that it would have gratified Saint-Saëns himself.

I even went so far as to give an outline of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," and my hearers were as much delighted with the characteristic music as they were with the picturesque situations in the drama. It was really surprising to see the interest manifested in the Walkyries riding on the storm-clouds, in the sleeping Brünnhilde surrounded by flames, and the sympathy for Siegfried in his combat with the dragon Fafner.

I had not expected that my friends would have the patience to listen to all the prefaces, explanatory notes, etc., nor to the compositions themselves, considering the limited means of suggesting them. But, in spite of the defective pianoforte, close attention was paid to all the details, and the family soon had quite a little repertoire from which to make their selections, so that whenever a neighbor called to spend the evening the request would be made to repeat this number, then that, until the entire programme had been reproduced, anecdotes and all.

When we come to interesting people in works of a more abstract nature, such as string quartettes, organ fugues, and symphonies, it is indeed a somewhat difficult matter. Here the mind must follow the working out or development of musical themes to which no especial meaning is attached. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that these themes should be striking in melody, harmony, or rhythm; better still if interesting in all points. In other words, they should possess good *ear-marks*, or features easily remembered.

As examples of this class of compositions, which seldom fail to please those who are musically undeveloped, may be mentioned Schumann's quintette for piano and strings; Chopin's E-minor concerto; Beethoven's second, sixth, and seventh symphonies, and Schubert's elegiac fragment in B minor. These are mentioned at random because I recall instances of their power to please. I have also known a Bach gigue, or even a fugue, with a well-marked theme like the one in G minor for the organ, to produce an immediate effect upon hearers who little expected it. Again, I was once amused to find that a lawyer friend whom I had regarded as hopelessly unmusical had become enamored of the "Walhalla Theme" from "Rheingold," without knowing what it was, and requested me to make him an arrangement of it for the guitar.

As one passes through Union Square in summer, rare lilies may be seen growing in the fountain. They are admired by all, educated and ignorant, but the majority care nothing for the botanical terms painted on the little name-boards. Some may find food for the imagination in the fact that the lily from Brazil is floating beside her distant cousins from Africa and India, while the pleasure of the connoisseur is doubtless augmented by his ability to note the more delicate relationships of these exotics.

On the other hand, there are plants quite fascinating to the botanist, yet which, possessing no intrinsic beauty, are unattractive to the multitude.

He who gives a programme consisting of a series of theoretical problems to a miscellaneous audience has no more right to complain of a lack of appreciation than would a florist who, in catering to his patrons, supplied them with botanically interesting weeds.

It should be the duty of every musician to encourage the taste for the truly classical by producing those works in which the musical forms are filled with an abundance of melody and harmony sufficient to rejoice the souls of all who possess the germ of poetical taste.

Christendom, Heathendom, and Puzzledom

By the Rev. William Burnet Wright

All Christian nations are called "Christendom," or Christ's Kingdom. The other nations are called "Heathendom." The contrasts between Christendom and Heathendom have produced in a considerable number of individuals a state of mind which may be described as "dwelling in Puzzledom."

Perhaps the most conspicuous of these contrasts is the immense superiority of Christendom over Heathendom in war-ships and armies, and all manner of appliances for killing people.

The smallest of Christian nations could easily destroy all the ships of the pagan world, excepting only China. China, having labored in a war with England, and been heavy laden with opium, found in that Christian nation, not rest to her soul, but anxieties, which moved her to build some of the most formidable ironclads afloat, so that in one respect, at least, she is qualified for a place among Christian nations.

One of the facts which most disturb us in America is that unless we, too, get bigger guns, we might, in case any one should smite us upon one cheek, be obliged to turn the

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other also. Of course we should count that the supremest of ignominy, and had rather die than do it.

But the King of Christendom affirmed that they who took the sword should perish by the sword.

Another conspicuous distinction of Christendom is its enormous wealth. All the rich peoples are in it, and all the poor ones out of it. But the King declared that it was exceeding hard for rich people to enter his kingdom.

I have read that Heinrich Heine, the Jew, once sat silent at a sumptuous dinner in Paris, until the hostess inquired why he was so still. Then he replied: "I have been looking at your service of gold plate, your jeweled glasses, your splendid servants, and wondering what you Christians are going to do with the camel question!"

Mr. Stanley seems to have been meditating in the same line when he declared that a few millions rightly used might redeem Africa, and added, "But where are they to come from, when all the rich men in Europe think of nothing but getting diamonds for their wives?"

Notice, too, the prodigious industrial activity of Christendom. Men are toiling with an anxiety never seen outside of Christ's kingdom, and never seen before in it, after the things the King said we must not be anxious for; namely, what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Our own Government has long been absorbed in the single question, How to get most money into the country; while of the sixty million people whom in this respect their legislators faithfully represent, each is seeking, with equal devotion to the great aim, how he may get most for himself or his special industry, without a thought of anybody else.

Yet it seems tolerably plain that the King did not require his subjects to seek first such things, but something different, and to leave them to the care of a Father who knoweth we have need of them.

Among the conspicuous and active institutions of Christendom, its navies, armies, factories, political organizations; among its brotherhoods of lovely human fellowship—relief unions, aid societies, Knights of this and of that—the Church of Christ has come to be regarded as a small bathing-house upon the beach, into which decent men step to change their clothes before taking the final plunge into eternity.

Yet the King said, quite distinctly, that his Church should dominate human society; and it is another puzzle that, whenever His Church has appeared to do so, it has ceased to be His Church at all; as in Constantinople under Constantine, in Rome under Leo, and in Moscow under no one knows or cares whom.

Then there is a strong tradition that throughout His kingdom love and mutual helpfulness should prevail, because all men are brothers, and their Father wishes them to love one another.

Perhaps there is pardon, in view of these puzzles, for those who declare that Christendom has not perfectly understood her King; pardon, possibly, for those who go further and suggest that we are not Christians at all.

But here comes another puzzle. Those who tell us we are all wrong, and our ways are the ways of Belial, that we must not have money nor enjoy it, seem scarcely safer teachers than those who, by their example, declare we have nothing to do but to get money.

After spending a lifetime in scolding us as Scribes and Pharisees, and mostly fools, Mr. Carlyle goes out in night, or at least in dreary dusk; Count Tolstoï, after giving the supremest evidence one can give of sincerity and loyalty to Christ, takes to writing "Kreutzer Sonatas;" and Mr. Ruskin himself has at last, for his own safety, to be shut up in a madhouse.

But the King said his prophets should be known by their fruits, and that the result of coming to him and learning of him was rest to one's soul, and not a temper to make one a torment to his wife, nor "Kreutzer Sonatas," nor fitness for insane asylums.

If one considered these puzzles, it would scarcely seem surprising that in case we of Christendom were sending missionaries into heathendom we should not be quite clear what our missionaries ought to say.

Phases of Western Life

I.—The Oklahoma Boomer

By Charles Moreau Harger

Those living beneath roofs hallowed by having sheltered generations of ancestors, or who reach middle life without having known another habitation than their native village, can have little conception of what it means to race pell-mell over miles of rough-sodded plain in a rickety "prairie schooner," and suddenly stop and call the place "home." Yet such has been the experience of the dwellers in the little empire lying between Texas and Kansas. They began with the beginning of things to a greater extent than any part of the Nation's population, and have no predecessors but the Indians and cattle-herds, no grantors but Uncle Sam. By brute strength and endurance they secured their foothold upon the virgin acres, and upon it they depend for success in the development of the territory. Sentiment which preceded the various "openings" has long since vanished.

Imaginative writers have been fond of characterizing the reservations thrown open to settlement by the Government as "the promised land" and "the garden of the West." Because of the conditions under which it was kept from the settler for years, and at last, when the remainder of the West had become well filled with residents, was given over to the immigrant, it has been idealized far beyond its deserts. Thousands, pondering the fancied advantages of the latter-day Canaan, became dissatisfied with moderate success and went forward to take part in the "runs," convinced that before them lay a land flowing with milk and honey. Instead, they found an ordinary Western prairie, separated from all the other stretching leagues of plain by the imaginary line of the surveyor. They found it barren, for the most part, of trees, sandy in sections, and requiring the same toil as the earlier-settled prairie States to make it productive. Existence and the earning of a livelihood continued a stern reality.

There is no poetry in living from necessity in a wagon or a one-roomed house; yet thus did most of the Oklahoma settlers begin their new life. Few, if any, of the luxuries, and perhaps not all of the necessities, of civilization have been procurable to temper the harshness of starting afresh in the world.

Peace there has been none. Few of the claims have lacked two or three contestants, each claiming to have reached the land soonest after the signal gun was fired. Sometimes these contests have been decided quickly. The wife has seen a dark object lying out among the grasses, and has to her horror found it to be her husband's body—the work of assassins settling the dispute. Again, the courts have been called on, and expensive lawsuits have worn out the resources of the weaker party. He has loaded up his pitifully few belongings, and, disheartened and embittered, started on the long journey "back East to the wife's folks."

The surroundings among which the settlers find themselves, except where chance has led them into a large town or a community of congenial people, are anything but pleasant. From the very nature of the case, the "openings" attracted a rough element as well as the more refined. No alchemy exists in a change of latitude or longitude by which natures are changed, and, with the brusqueness of a new country added to the harsh dispositions, they became anything but harmonious. The Indian element, too, still is a part of the population, and the redskins' presence here, as on the frontiers a score of years ago, is more or less of a menace and terror, not perhaps to be feared in organized outbreaks so much as in those individual acts of savagery that carry terror to timid hearts.

The women of the newly opened lands bear the brunt of the struggle for a competence. Out in the midst of level stretches of prairie you find them, tired, sunburned, and discouraged. The children are unkempt, and the mother's own person bears evidence of lack of attention. Even to cook and eat the very limited variety that the table affords is a task that makes heavy demands upon the

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weary woman with her family to care for, the garden-patch to cultivate, the cows to milk, and perhaps the plow-handles to hold in the intervals. Yet she accomplishes it all—and more. The pretty, fresh girl of the Atlantic coast is, however, transformed into a woman old before she arrives at middle age, and it is small wonder if the children she trains to maturity seldom reach the perfection of her own young womanhood.

The bravery of woman has been strikingly shown by scores of examples in the development of this section of the plains. At the opening it was a common sight to see widows make the race unassisted, and "hold down" their claims in spite of masculine interference and contest. As the fearfully crowded trains made their first trips into the new lands on the fateful day, the most daring leaps were made by women, who, in their desperation, jumped from car windows and platforms while the trains were moving rapidly. There were accidents, of course, but success crowned many an effort, and the title to more than one valuable quarter-section and city lot will reward their intrepidity. Young women—teachers, typewriters, clerks—were numerous in the throng, and can be found to-day here and there living out the appointed season in their cozy cabins. Many a "twin house," with a dividing partition exactly on the line between claims, so that each occupant may reside on her own quarter-section, yet divided from her neighbor only by a pine door, makes existence easier.

It is a blessing that the winters are less severe than those of Nebraska and the Dakotas, but they are still cold and cheerless enough for the ill-provided residents. Hundreds and thousands lingered for months on the border waiting for the opening, and have but scanty funds or clothing left. The Oklahoma boomer must, for the most part, wait for his land to produce something. The wild soil, trampled by the buffalo of long ago, and then by the herds of Texas cattle seeking a northern shipping-point, will not blossom into wheat and corn in a day. To secure a harvest there must be the turning of the sod, the breaking up of the grass-roots that have reached down into the soil for centuries, and a taming of the land.

During this time the settler runs in debt. New as the country is, it has already felt the touch of the mortgage. There are tools to buy, food to purchase, and clothing to prepare, and the settler draws on the future to provide for the present. His rapidly maturing series of coupons brings an element of uncertainty into his future, and bars out the luxuries that would make life pleasanter and easier. So it comes that there is close economy all over the Territory, and the hard realities of life have their rough corners everywhere exposed. For the present, life is a struggle on a strictly business footing for financial success, and impresses one with its lack of cheer and brightness.

The cosmopolitan character of the population lends variety, however, and makes a conglomeration of customs, phrases, and methods that is decidedly interesting. Texan and Kansan, Indian and Pennsylvanian, are side by side, and each learns something from the other. The result is that harmony is not always present, and the amenities that come from long acquaintance are yet lacking. Indications are that these varying elements will crystallize into unique forms, and make Oklahoma *sui generis* among the sections of the West. Nowhere in this country do so many lines of habit meet.

Amusements are few, especially for the women. They cannot hunt the prairie-chicken or wild turkey, and there is little else for even the men to do outside of the towns. The winter evenings are long ones in the little prairie cabins, and the fact that the nearest neighbor is a mile or two away does not add to its attractiveness. In the earlier-settled communities the literary society, with its debates and "speaking," has made its appearance at the district school-house, and the audience is frequently astonished at the depth of learning and the capability for eloquence hidden away beneath the unprepossessing exterior of the settlers. More than one neighborhood can count up a half-score of college graduates, some old and some young, who have sought in a claim a way to wealth. Learning has been no bar to a rough-and-tumble fight for a competence.

Schools and churches are yet far from meeting the demand in the new country. The cabin home has the same aspirations as the palace, and when the young people come to a realization of the needs of education, in books or religion, they should have it. There is a field for some missionary work here, not through missionaries so much as in cash to assist the people in their attempts to build for themselves. It is hard work to keep up even the most modest church in a community where each member can scarcely see how the home is to be provided for until a crop can be gathered.

Like all the West, Oklahoma and other newly settled portions of the Territory are living on the future. When they came upon their claims, they found them barren and covered with sod.

"Borrow money? Of course I had to borrow," said one settler to me. "The wife and babies had to be fed, so I mortgaged the claim as soon as I got any kind of a title. Then the crop that year was light, being planted on sod, you know, and I had to mortgage my team. Last year I paid a little on my indebtedness, but only a little."

When crops fail, it means an additional burden, but when they are good the settler gets ahead a little. So, under such circumstances, the niceties of civilization receive but scant attention. Some of those who came best equipped are commencing to get ahead. Near the towns are seen commodious farm-houses, and their owners are well dressed and well fed. The earnest, businesslike settler is doing this.

But the typical "boomer" was poor when he entered, is poor yet, and will, in many instances, be poor when the curtain falls and he is hurried away to the wind-swept burying-ground in the midst of the prairie. His besetting sin is restlessness. He moved from place to place awaiting the "opening." He camped in quiet for a while, but after once being settled he was as eager to take part in the next rush. His family is often dressed and fed miserably, but it is usually happy. The boys are eager to take part in the perennial marches which are to lead them to new fields and introduce them to new scenes. His wife apparently becomes hardened to it and does not care.

Lack of stability impresses one. "Everything is for sale" is a favorite motto. It is the motto of the West. Nothing to which the heart is attached; nothing bearing the veneration due to age; nothing permanent—all fleeting. It would be a relief to find a pet horse or cow with which the owner would not part under any circumstances, yet it would be difficult among the boomers.

But they keep on marrying and giving in marriage, enjoying existence and dying. Marriage is severely simple, and more often than not consists of a lonely trip of bride and groom to the Court-House. There is not much room for a wedding-party in a house of two rooms. Death is truly sad among such people. Somehow it never enters into their calculations as it does with the prosperous Easterner, who builds his tombstone and takes care that his biography is in the hands of the editors long before either is needed. The Western man thinks he will die only after a long life, and makes no preparation. When it comes, it is doubly fearful, and casts a gloom over a wide circle. The pitifully small homes and the desolation of the prairie cemetery allow of none of the softening influences that more luxurious centers have been able to throw around the end of life.

The "boomer," with his recklessness and unrest, will pass away. The real settler is making a brave effort, and will win. Everything is embryonic yet. The settlers say of the soil that it is "wild." The customs and habits of the new land may be thus characterized. They must be tamed and modified. In government there can never be a complete success until Statehood is attained—an end for which the Territory is already working, and which will come soon.

Nowhere can be seen the early stages of development so clearly as in Oklahoma and the Cherokee Outlet. There can be perused again the lesson that Kansas and Nebraska

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learned two decades ago—the struggles, the sacrifices, the conflicts.

There is this advantage: most of the people have been settlers before. Some have tried and failed in the semi-arid regions of western Kansas, some have made their start amid the corn-fields of Iowa, and some among the tobacco and cotton plantations of the South. They know better how to begin this time. With excellent transportation facilities, and surrounded by cultivated lands on three sides, instead of touching civilization's outposts only on the east, they will advance faster. Through all their difficulties they will attain prosperity, and become one of the Nation's most productive commonwealths.

A great empire is growing up on the old hunting-ground of the redskin. It will astonish even its friends. The fact that it is increasing in population and wealth proves that the people have faith in the development that future years are to bring.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Aveling," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1, 1893.)

CHAPTER L.—*Continued*

In a few days the Baron knew the worst. The last few thousand florins of his wife's small fortune had been swept away. He looked up from the letter at Gustave, who had brought it, and who, in his tutored indiscretion, was lingering with averted eyes over a distant rearrangement of chairs.

"Gustave," said the Baron, "come here. Ten years ago you told me you were a rich man. Are you still?"

"Richer, Mynheer," replied Gustave, promptly. "I can't leave off; for nobody can. It's like sliding down a hillside into the valley of perdition. I'm winning your Nobleness's money still."

"I give you my word I had not speculated all these years," said the Baron, hastily. "But you're right. It's gone. We are penniless. And"—his eyelids trembled; he stammered painfully—"I want you to lend me a little money—*now*."

For only reply the servant ran to the door. "Listen. Let me explain!" cried the Baron after him, desirous to tell about the Lady's Dole.

"Just one moment while I fetch it, sir," said Gustave, on the threshold.

"God forgive me!" cried the Baron. "There are good men yet!" and his voice failed him. Gustave, meanwhile, who knew all about the Lady's Dole, had evidently made up his mind that the whole of his little fortune would just do to replace it. But he would not have presumed a second time to offer any suggestions thereanent.

"I only want a little at first, a very little," said the Baron presently, "just at first. When I get stronger I can do something, I dare say, and the Freule has a very fine voice. I should prefer to go to a large city. Your sister in Amsterdam who takes lodgers—perhaps we might go to her?"

The servant had the delicacy to keep back the rush of imploring protest which rose to his lips. "Amsterdam will be brighter for your Nobleness than Deynum," he said, "and for the Freule also. My sister will be proud. And you can always return later on."

"Never," replied the Baron. "Not even to be buried here!" And he broke down utterly and buried his face in his hands.

After a moment of hesitation Gustave slipped away without leave. "I wonder whether I did right," he debated with himself in the hall. "It looked almost more like a liberty to stay."

On the evening of their departure the Baron handed over to Gustave a correct I.O.U. for a fraction of the latter's savings, promising, with restless reiteration, punctually to repay. The valet carefully buttoned up the precious paper in his pocketbook, and subsequently, emboldened by a couple of parting glasses at Job Hennik's, he as cautiously tore it up, lest his heirs should at any time discover and enforce it.

So the family arrived in Amsterdam on a windy March night, and drove to Juffrouw Donders's lodging-house. This house stands—or stood—on a narrow canal in one of the humbler, middle-class parts of the city; the frowning houses look very forbidding; on both sides the stagnant water froths with garbage and weeds. But Wendela could see nothing of this, as she found herself blown, amid a whirl of sleet and general rawness, into a low, white-tiled passage, illumined by a far-away paraffin-lamp. The others were still busy with the Baroness; stout Juffrouw Donders came rolling forward, and immediately overflowed. She was all abundancy and redundancy, all double-chin and shaking jaw. You fled away with the impression that there was too much of her, bodily, mentally, and especially orally. But, once out of reach of her shapeless good nature, you looked back with regret.

"And this is the Freule van Rexelaer!" she began, with perceptible promise of very much more. "Oh, Freule, I seem to have known you from a child, so much have I heard of you and your dear honored parents! Every one in this household knows everything about them! It will not be like coming among strangers to find yourselves in our midst!"

"They are bringing in my mother," said Wendela. "We should like to go to our own rooms at once, if you please."

"And so you shall, my dear Freule," replied the landlady, with prominent sympathy, lumbering slowly to the front door, meanwhile. She was not to be cheated of her welcome to the Baroness. She knew what was due to gentlefolks, as well as Gustave did.

Fortunately for the family from Deynum, she stood greatly in awe of her brother, who had often afforded her substantial support. During the first few days of their stay among these uncongenial surroundings, the old servant stood on guard 'twixt his masters and the world, warding off Juffrouw Donders's exuberant kindliness. The Baron seemed not ill content. "This time, thank Heaven, there are no debts!" he said. "And here I trust we shall live and die in peace."

Wendela looked away in silence. The house was dark, with the darkness of a great city's evil heart. It was stuffy. If you lifted the sash, the smell from the canal came streaming in. "A healthful smell," said Juffrouw Donders. "Just see what it has made of me!" Gustave having departed to look after the sale of the furniture, the good woman fell on Wendela, like a feather bed, with endless laudation of her brother and disparagement of her departed husband. The birth of the one and the death of the other she considered the two chief blessings of her life. She had had a hard time of it, with many mouths to fill. "Yet my own was never empty," she said, with a pat on her portly frame, "though God knows I filled it last."

"Life is hideous," said Wendela, more resolutely than ever, and she buried herself in the glorious past. She would draw her chair beside her mother's and ask for the tales she had heard as a child. "Wanda, Wanda," the Baroness murmured in gentle reproof, "Heaven alone is steadfast. The pomps and vanities fade away." "I know that," said Wendela, bitterly.

Yet the lodging-house was not all noisy loneliness to the country girl. A day or two after her arrival, as she was coming downstairs earlier than usual, she met a young man who shrank aside with unwilling mien. The light from a little dusty window fell full upon his face; his eyes were irresistibly drawn towards hers, and as his blush deepened to the old familiar apple-red, she recognized him. "Piet!" cried impetuous Wanda. Then she stammered: "I beg your pardon. I thought you were some one else," and stuck fast.

"I *am* Piet," said the young man. "I am glad you recognize me, Freule."

She leant up against the banisters, and it amused him to see how little changed her manner was. "How ever came

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you here?" she said. "I shall want you to tell me all about it."

There was not very much to tell. Having made his way to the capital, with the intention of "going to sea," he had met with good people who had kept him as their errand-boy. One day he had run up against Gustave, who was living with Juffrouw Donders, during the Baron's absence at Cleves, and Gustave had procured him a garret in the lodging-house. "And here I have been ever since," concluded Piet; "and wasn't it good of him to look after me, Freule?"

"But why didn't he tell us?" questioned Wendela, bewildered. "And, oh, your mother, Piet!"

"Mother knows I'm doing well. She don't know any more. I can't help it," Piet went on, doggedly. "Mynheer Gustave agreed with me. It's all father's fault. You know all about father, Freule."

"Yes, I know," said Wendela, gravely. "But I thought that we all should be subject to our parents." She greatly admired herself for the propriety of this sentiment. She also admired herself for the faithfulness with which she practiced it.

He looked grieved but not convinced. "I'm doing well," he said, in self-defense. "Better than I should have done at home, though I've not made the fortune I had hoped to make. I am clerk to a solicitor, Freule."

She said she was very glad to hear it. He must come and see her father. And she continued her way, confused by the strangeness of this meeting. "He is just like a hundred other clerks," she told herself, but in her heart she thought this handsome, well-grown youth as superior to other clerks as her boy lover had been superior to other peasant-boys. "He is just Piet," she said.

"A solicitor," said the Baron, anxiously, "is the very person I am most desirous to meet, but one fights shy of them, especially after knowing Strum."

Piet Poster appeared before the Baron and Baroness. His manner was that of a page in the presence of his lieges.

"And what is the name of your solicitor, Piet?"

"Mynheer Spangenberg, Landheer. Everybody says he's amazingly clever."

"So much the better. And where does he live?"

"He has his office on the Prinsengracht, Landheer."

"I want you to ask him when he can receive me." Wendela looked up in protest. "Yes, my dear, yes; I can go in a cab."

"O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world!" repeated the Baroness, with her back to the others.

"There's only one thing, Landheer," began Piet, awkwardly fingering his pot-hat. "Master's a very great Radical. One of the extreme Left, he calls it."

"Ah!" said the Baron. Then he added, after a thoughtful pause, "I dare say there are honest men among them."

"And you, are you of the extreme Left?" asked Wendela, with laughing eyes.

"I am a clerk, Freule," he replied, quickly.

"Hush, Wendela. Please, if possible, make an early appointment for me with your employer, Piet."

Wendela followed the young man into the passage. "You must no longer call my father 'Landheer,'" she said.

"Oh, but, Freule, I can hardly help it."

"You must help it. The landheer out yonder, forsooth, is Count Rexelaer!" She stamped her foot, and then, ashamed of this ebullition, retreated hastily to the sitting-room. Juffrouw Donders's voice was heard downstairs, soundly rating the maid-of-all-work.

CHAPTER LI.

LITTLE PARADISE

"Another poem from Volkert," said Spangenberg, advocate and editor, tentatively dangling the manuscript in question over the editorial waste-paper basket.

"And who is Volkert?" asked the editor's companion, an untidy old man with a peaked beard, like a goat's.

"Your question proves what no longer wanted proving," replied Piet Poster's master, laughing, "namely, that you poets recognize no contemporary colleagues. This Volkert is a mysterious young gentleman at the Hague, of perfect manners—he has been here once or twice—and evidently of gentle birth. He is also a Priest and Prophet of the People—but then all the great poets are that nowadays."

"*I* take no interest in the lower classes, and you know it," replied the other, leisurely warming his knees. "Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo."

"I forgot," said the young editor, carelessly. "Volkert does—a poetical one. He signs his contributions to my 'Cry of the People' with a single enigmatical P. By the by, that might stand for 'Profanus.' Now, what shall I do with his latest? The basket or the bays? Surely an editor's responsibility is unique under heaven!"

"Let me judge it," proposed the untidy man, sententiously, and he took up the paper. In a very short time he laid it down again. "Nicht einem jeden ward des Sänger's Kunst gegeben," he said.

Spangenberg's honest face twitched with sudden resentment. "I shall put it in," he declared, coolly.

The poet rose, majestically gathering his dressing-gown about him. "You should not have asked my opinion, Christian!" he said, with superb unreason, and stalked towards the door.

"No, but, look here, Mynheer Morèl!" cried the good-natured editor. "This is really fine; just listen! One would like its author to proclaim it in the 'salons' of the Hague!" But the other was gone.

The office of "The Cry of the People" was situated at that time in a little court just off the public thoroughfare. Since then it has been removed to more commodious quarters, but Spangenberg is still editor of the paper—Spangenberg, the Socialist. Yes, he is a clever man, unfortunately. But Piet Poster was mistaken in vaunting the extent of his law-practice. People who employ lawyers possess property, and only a poor man makes money out of an "ism."

The name of the court was "Little Paradise." Hyperbolic that name may have been, but we know so little of Paradise. It is long since our ancestors lived there, and families which have "known better days" are too apt to exaggerate. Present Paradises go by comparison. The street was very narrow, very noisy, very dirty, and redolent of all the vegetable produce of Jewry, "given away" from slow hand-carts to thanklessly haggling Gentiles by hook-nosed, rag-bedecked benefactors. All day long the street was a babel of cucumbers and oranges. You were glad to escape from that bawling, brawling crowd, through a neat brick archway, with a cheerfully grinning Death's head over it, into a little square of houses round a grass-plot and a central bed of roses. Mevrouw Morèl had begged the roses from Juffrouw Spangenberg.

The whole place belonged to Christian Spangenberg's parents, who lived in the substantial house alongside the archway; in fact, they had turned their unprofitable garden into an Eden of rent-producing bricks. Their back windows looked out on the cottage-like buildings, which were low, like the rents, so that Heaven appeared nearer in the trim little court than in the tall, loud street outside. The distant, deadened yell of "Cheap! Dirt cheap!" only beautified the silence, and Mrs. Spangenberg would let the children play upon the grass-plot when Spangenberg was out. And children romping on a grass-plot will laugh and shout, even in the Jew quarter of Amsterdam.

Mevrouw Morèl "thanked her Maker" for bringing her here. But, then, she was a thankful soul. She "thanked her Maker" constantly, and also "her stars," and "goodness," and even "herself," so there may not have been much in the gratitude she scattered so freely. She knew well enough what she meant when she thanked Mrs. Spangenberg. She meant eggs for the ailing, cakes for the diligent, kindness for all. There were nine Morèls, including parents, in one of the cottages, whom Spangenberg would never have accepted as tenants—only think of the woodwork!—but for Mrs. Spangenberg's broad admiration of the "dear little golden-haired, pale little dears."

Not that Spangenberg was by any means a hard-hearted

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man. He was a contractor. I do not know what he contracted in the course of his money-making except a gruff manner, but it certainly was not his heart. He made money, and his wife liked that, and they enjoyed it together in a solid, substantial, middle-class way; they had been poor together once. They sent their clever only son, who was always "wanting to know," to the Grammar School and then to the University, but when even this latter Babylonic Tower of Learning (as vast and as confused) still failed to supply young Christian's need, they began to fear that he wanted to know too much. There had been a daughter, much older than the late-born darling, who had married "against them," as they called it, and, sailing to the Indies with her husband, had dropped out of their lives. Henceforward Mrs. Spangenberg had a fretful dread of "thwarting," which maintained itself even when Christian (æt. 20) began to rant about the Rights of Man! "Don't put his back up, John," she constantly pleaded. "If we'd let Jacóba see more of her Arthur, perhaps she'd have found out what a duffer he was." The father unwillingly acquiesced, partly because of a manner young Hopeful had of throwing back his head as soon as the "thwarting" began. The worst blow befell the old man when his go-ahead son deliberately plunged into the sea of social miseries and thence sent up his "Cry of the People." The young advocate called himself a Socialist, because with that party alone he found sympathy (political) with suffering. In reality he was one of the few whose pulses beat quicker when they hear of injustice—to others. His gorge rose against incompetent nepotism and pampered monopoly, against the sweating of women and the torture of children—things we all disapprove of theoretically, in our slippers, by the fire. But Christian Spangenberg was an incipient Dutch Kingsley, with the poetry left out. He started a people's Mission and Social Club in the wretched quarter near his own respectable home. Furthermore, he edited the "Cry of the People," thereby stamping himself a "Socialist" at once.

And his unfortunate father possessed money in the funds. The mother—desperate with the horror of a childless old age—flung her love between these combative elements and effected an armistice. Christian was to remain in the house and continue his law business. But his Socialism must be banished to one of the cottages in Paradise Court, there to be left under lock and key when he rose to go home. The "Cry of the People" was never heard within Spangenberg Senior's doors. All the relations and connections, hard-working, hard-fisted burghers, looked on Christian as crazy. The chamber-cloaked father sat over his strong-box of evenings in property-laden snugness; the eagle-faced son trod the boards of his office at the back, denouncing the "gilded obesity of the bourgeois." And when they met at supper, sincerely affectionate, they got on very well.

It was Mevrouw Morèl's birthday, the greatest event of the year in Little Paradise, far greater even than Juffrouw Spangenberg's. For, if this latter good and heavy-natured body was the Lady of the Garden, bright, clever little Mrs. Morèl was its Guardian Angel.

In the morning—"at dawn of day," said the poet—the seven children, six of whom had spent the night packed, like sardines, in boxes, gathered outside their parents' bedroom, the baby having been fetched out previously, to complete the surprise, while mother pretended to be asleep. And a surprise it was—as it had been for the last half a dozen years—when the whole lot of them, led by the baby, struck up an Ode to the Day. She came hurrying out and stood in the doorway, smiling upon them with the comeliest of faces, in her night-cap and woolen shawl, this mother of seven and an eighth baby coming, and she kissed them all round, on both cheeks, when the song was completed, and then had to kiss them again, because she had surreptitiously given Peterkin, the lame one, an extra hug and the others had seen it. Only her husband hung back, just a little ashamed. "It wasn't my own," he said, with some hesitation; "I had not time to complete it. Next year, if I am spared, they shall sing you my own."

"I know, dearest," she said; "I recognized it. It was Pottema's. Yes, next year, please God; and then it will be the finest ode that ever poet sang."

"Do you think so?" he questioned, dubiously. "I tore up what I had done. Pottema's poetry has faults, but, on the whole, it is not undeserving."

She sighed a little passing sigh. Lina, fifteen, and her mother's right hand, had been a little toddling thing when Homérus had first spoken of that ode to his wife. "She will not be able to repeat it, dear," the mother had said.

But the poem was not yet ready; none of Homérus's poems ever were. "Not for want of the power," said his wife, and perhaps she was right. Homérus Morèl was a seer of visions and a dreamer of beautiful dreams, his vast brow bursting with ideas, all in motion for an exit, like gases, a man full of thought, and yet often incapable of thinking. His father, an indolent scholar and gentleman, had given him a luxurious education, while spending the boy's small inherited fortune; in those days Homérus had only been Hendrik: the change was a late inspiration of his own. He believed himself the one supreme poet of his epoch, but he suffered from terrible spasms of doubt. With an artist's perception of the greatness beyond him, he would suddenly tear up whatever he had written, and sob out his weakness on the breast of his faithful spouse. And that lady would comfort him, and send him for a walk in the Court. Once there, he could trudge round the grass-plot for hours, his lank body drooping forward beneath his knotted hands, his balloon-shaped head uplifted, with its pointed nose and beard. "There goes the poet," said some busy neighbor, at her lattice; "then it can't be twelve o'clock."

For punctually at noon Mevrouw Morèl would call: "Homérus, come to dinner!" She never bade him come and hold the baby, even when her own three hands were more than full.

She must have had at least three hands, for she looked after all the children, including this year's and last year's baby, and she even found time to have a girl-help and look after her. Moreover, she looked after her husband and kept him as comfortable, though she could not keep him as tidy, as the rest. Incidentally she also supported the family, while the poetry was getting ready which was one day to enrich it. The whole lot of them believed in this beautiful consummation, even the smallest, who, having no inkling what poetry was, was certainly least to blame. Father was their gold-mine; some day he would be famous, and then there would always be plenty to eat. They nudged each other, at their play, suddenly hushed by the sight of the poet at his desk. "What is riches, mother? Only money?" little Homer, his father's namesake, had asked one day. The parents looked at each other, struck to the soul. Mevrouw Morèl had been down hearted that morning, and had grumbled somewhat. She kissed both Homers for only reply.

The mother supported her family by writing children's gift-books to order, the order mostly including the moral of the tale: "To illustrate the evils of greediness, about fifteen thousand words. Little girl must have curly hair, and greengage jam must be medium of punishment, as per picture. Ready by 15th of next month." It was easy, and not unprofitable, if only you wrote two stories a month.

The little woman's deepest depth of soul, however, was not centered in her tale-concocting, nor even in her housekeeping; those leisure moments which she had in common with all intensely busy people she devoted to the composition of a many-volumed work on "The Social Position of the Child in the Development of European Civilization." For she had been great since her childhood in the science of sociology, of which her father had been professor and she his favorite pupil. *Her* book will be finished some day, you may be sure. "Scientific works do not sell," she would say to her husband. "Not like poetry, first-rate poetry, of course. Not as yours will." She apologized for her hobby. Other luxuries she had none.

"Good-morning, Mother; many happy returns of the day," said young Spangenberg, looking in on Mevrouw

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Morèl. "I couldn't come sooner, being detained by law business on the Prinsengracht."

"You mustn't call me 'mother' any more, Christian, as I told you last birthday. I am getting too old to be pleased with a grown-up son."

"You old!" the young advocate laughed merrily. "Your youth is as perennial as the Child's of which you write. What says baby? Grandma?"

She joined in his laugh, as she bustled about among her dinner-things.

"I wanted to ask," Christian Spangenberg went on, "would you let me bring Volkert this evening?—I have spoken of him recently—you remember—the poet?"

"Oh, you may bring him, of course. But is he one of your Socialists, Christian? Because, you know, I do not believe in your Socialists."

"Nor I in sociology, Mevrouw, you remember. Good-by, then, and thanks, till to-night."

"That boy does too much," remarked Mevrouw Morèl, hurrying from the table to the oven.

"A man cannot do too much," said the poet, from his arm-chair by the fire.

"But he can do too many things at a time," protested the housewife, who mostly did three.

"True; he should give his whole mind to one," responded Homèrus, "would he excel."

[To be concluded]

The Spectator

In these days of the typewriter the compositor has a vastly easier time than his forerunner had in the days when MS. meant invariably manu-script; but there is one survival of the old days which sometimes troubles the new compositor who gets a "take" of pen-writing—namely, the old-fashioned long s (ſ). Is it not time that this abomination were put on the back shelf where rest the "ſermons" and "treatiſes" and "miſsals" of the ſixteenth century? This suggestion should be credited to a proof-reader who had just succeeded in rescuing a "ward boss" (with a long ſ) from the clutch of a compositor who had reincarnated him into "ward hogs"!

❀

When one thinks of New York, it is usually of the main streets and avenues running north and south on Manhattan Island, and of the territory contiguous to those great thoroughfares. But there are very many parts of the crowded city entirely different from this "real" New York. For instance, the new parts of the town that have been built up since the erection of the elevated roads do not seem like New York at all to those whose ideas have been formed by observations of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Such parts are too new for New York, and even the people seem to lack that repose of manner characteristic of the settled Gothamite. The houses, the shops, and the people themselves seem like those of a new town—the Spectator almost said like those of a "boom" town. There is a nervous uncertainty about everything, which is marked by the very frequent removals from place to place of both families and tradesmen. A corner occupied by an apothecary for a month or so will then for a brief season harbor a greengrocer, who in his turn will move away to make room for a bar-room. Then the corner may be said to have settled down to its destiny, for the bar-room usually comes to stay. Even at church in these new parts of the city there seems to be a difference, for the congregations appear to be made up of young people, and gray heads are few and far between.

❀

A writer for the public should always feel his responsibility. Many men and women receive their only accessions of knowledge from newspapers and other periodicals. Therefore a critic, whether he deal with art, literature, morals, or all three, should be guarded in what he says either in praise or blame. Otherwise he may give to his readers, who are apt to believe what they see in their regularly read periodicals, a false impression, either to their injury or the injury of the writer, artist, or moralist under consideration. A journalist with the proper public spirit and a due feeling of responsibility to himself and to society will always try above all things to say what is right, and, therefore, tell the truth—though, to be sure, it is not always necessary to tell all of the truth, for, unfortunately, there are many things in this world that do not need to be discussed in the public prints. Artists and writers of any success soon get accustomed to criticism and accept it with equanimity when it is adverse, and with gratitude when it is favorable. But there are others who receive their lot in exactly an opposite way—that is, they are too thankful for a kind word, and too much cast down by an unflattering remark. These reflections are the result of several recent experiences of the Spectator, who, in the conscientious but mild performance of what he considered to be his duty, has estranged two friends. One was a writer, the other an artist. Both had done ambitious work, both had done successful work. The Spectator did not find that the last works of these men were up to the standard each had made for himself, and the Spectator said so, mildly and kindly. But, with the kind of gleeful ferocity that Mr. Whistler celebrates in his little book "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," both writer and artist have turned upon the Spectator and anointed his head from vials of wrath. The Spectator was sorry not to approve of the works, which as a critic he had to consider, but now he is cast down utterly, and does not think that his unfortunate situation is at all of his own making. Speaking of Mr. Whistler recalls a letter that a friend showed to the Spectator last summer. The late Theodore Child and Whistler were friends. It became necessary for Mr. Child to write about some of Whistler's work. He was not enthusiastic in its praise, so Whistler wrote him a little letter beginning in this way: "Ah, why did you do it, Theodore? Was it the thirty pieces of silver?"

❀

New York, we are assured by the authorities, has water that is very much better than that generally supplied to large cities. Indeed, the Spectator has been told that it is practically pure and its sources unpolluted. But the Spectator knows, from a personal experiment which any reader can try without trouble, that New York water from the Croton and Bronx Rivers is considerably impregnated with foreign matters that do not belong in pure water. Take two clear glasses, filling one with distilled water and the other with the water drawn from the ordinary service hydrant; then place these two glasses of water in a light place—a window-sill perhaps—on top of a newspaper; if the experimenter will now look into each glass through the water to the printing below, it will be found that the distilled water is as clear as crystal, while the water from the hydrant will look so yellow that it will seem to have been specially colored. Now, it may be that such coloring matter may not be specially injurious to health, but the Spectator is assured by medical men that such water is an admirable place for the propagation of germs—the comma or cholera bacilli, for instance. Though distilled water is pure, it is not possible to use it advantageously on account of its absorbent qualities. These qualities are so great that distilled water, unless hermetically sealed in glass, soon becomes very impure indeed. If, however, a little bicarbonate of soda be added to distilled water, the dangerous absorbent qualities are quickly reduced to a minimum. Water sterilized by boiling is, when fresh, about as good as can be obtained, and is practically safe. The medical men tell the Spectator that all water for drinking should be boiled between the first of June and the first heavy freezing in the early winter. A family taking this precaution will be much freer from danger during a cholera scourge than those who make no concessions on account of the dreaded pestilence. An ordinary filter merely supplies a bed for the propagation of bacilli, and no dependence should be placed on water so treated and going through no subsequent process of sterilization.

"You will not be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer, for disbelieving most of the ill reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being kind toward everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all."

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The Home

Economy for Other People

Next to the management of other people's children, the management of other people's incomes is the field in which we best display our genius. There is no doubt, judging from the comments made, that financial embarrassment would disappear from the circle of our friends if only they would expend their incomes in accordance with our wise opinions. It is pitiable to see people who could have the benefit of our wisdom calmly ignore their privilege, and proceed to expend their money in such foolish ways—ways which force them to embarrassment! We could, if only they would listen, show them the lack of proportion in their expenditures. How much our friend could save if only she would discharge one servant and do that servant's work! True, she does not know how to do that work, and she dislikes that particular branch of housework, but we know she ought to learn. She persists in her own way, and must economize in hats. Then the table expenses. How our wisdom would reduce bills here! We would be willing to make out a menu that would be much more economical than the haphazard arrangement that prevails in her household now! The family might not enjoy it; doubtless would prefer the present variety that is the result of want of system: that is, of course, a secondary matter. Wisdom cannot afford attention to such trifling matters as the palate!

Then in dress. It is a question where our wisdom would be worth most, whether concentrated on the larder or the wardrobe. But we are most unselfish. Unasked, we plan the expenses in all departments of our friends' expenditures, and that they are embarrassed is not our fault; at any time the reservoir of our wisdom might have been drawn upon, but they would not turn the faucet. Could they have feared a deluge?

The amount of unused wisdom in this world, especially in the management of other people's affairs, forces us not only to doubt our friends' intelligence, but even, at times, their sanity. How well we know that if we had their opportunity we should most gladly avail ourselves of it! Alas! there is no wise friend to help us in the management of our financial affairs. We must take the entire responsibility, because we have no outside superior judgment to aid us.

Training for Parenthood

By Nora Archibald Smith

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his little volume on Education, published about thirty years ago, observed that the training of that day, both in home and school, seemed best fitted to a race of celibates, and predicted that the philosopher of the future, pondering on the educational records of our time, would greatly marvel at the apparent absence of all preparation for the future duties and responsibilities of parenthood.

That this is still measurably true there can be no doubt, though much improvement in this direction has been made in the education of women, at least, in the last twenty years. The whole matter seems so absolutely clear when once it is forcibly presented that one wonders how it could ever have been passed over or neglected. Were the duties of parenthood but "remote contingencies," as Mr. Spencer says, it would, perhaps, be wise not to spend much time in preparation for them; but, as they are constantly assumed, why not give them some consideration in the educational plan? The training required would not be absolutely useless should the child live and die a celibate. Spending years in the patient study of mining when your future career is to be that of an aeronaut might seem, indeed, a fruitless expenditure of labor; but the parental virtues can never be out of place, however life may shape itself, for they are such as belong to the well-rounded, well-developed character.

We cannot entirely rely upon the parental instinct in this matter, be it ever so strong and pure. Although it may be trusted in the normal human being for abundant love and desire to protect, yet the rearing of children in our complex modern civilization is so delicate and difficult a matter as to necessitate the development of "blind reason" into a higher faculty which shall see clear-eyed the pathway it must tread. If the training is to be given, then the earlier begun the better, since it is not directing the energies into a special channel, but rather a broadening and strengthening of the whole nature.

All roads proverbially lead to Rome, and consideration of this subject brings me inevitably to the kindergarten and what it does in training the future parent. As well try to write a story without a first sentence, as well attempt to frame a melody without an opening bar, as to omit the kindergarten when considering preparation for life in any phase. It is there, and it cannot be ignored; the story cannot be written nor the melody composed till the beginning is made.

You smile at the idea of cultivating the parental virtues in a tiny creature hardly old enough to realize his own personality; and it would be absurd if the tiny creature did not clearly show you, in his unconscious plays, that the deep, indwelling father or mother instinct is already there. The kindergarten, through its marvelous system of songs and games, addresses this instinct from the very beginning. The finger-songs commonly show three generations in sweet relation—the grandmother and grandfather, the good mother, the kind father, and the little one close beside them; and many of the representations of animal life deal with the nurture and wise care of the young.

If it is a bird game, one parent broods the little ones in the nest, the other flies over wood and field in search of their food, while both have united in gathering materials for the family home. When the birdlings are fully feathered, the parents carefully teach them to fly, and abundant stories and poems further illustrate the lesson taught. The trade games—carpenter, cooper, blacksmith, whatever they may be—not only inculcate the duty of faithful labor, but show that its fruits should not be spent on self alone. "For wife and children dear at home, I'm toiling all day long," says the song, and the child swings his hammer lustily, feeling that he is working for his dear ones as well as for himself.

Since he cannot govern others who has never learned to rule his own spirit, the kindergarten strives to teach self-government, knowing it to be a vital element of character. It aims to teach, by methods quite within the child's grasp, the inexorable relation of cause and effect, and shows him simply that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. It begins to give him an understanding of the interdependence of all life, and points out to him that his actions are to be considered not only in regard to his own welfare, but as to the way in which they affect others. It further cultivates such virtues as self-respect and perseverance, as well as a willingness to help in bearing the burdens of the weak.

And what does the future parent need more than a strong feeling of the sacredness of family life and of the importance of wise care of the young; a knowledge of the value of labor and the proper use of its rewards; a conviction that every deed, good or evil, must have its consequence; and a well-governed spirit realizing its relationship to the world?

Alas! many more things are needed, but be not discouraged; the kindergarten can begin to develop them all.

Does he need a stock of that patience which is "a good root," an unfailing store of love, and a fervor of spiritual life which shall warm every shivering soul it touches? Ah, these are the product of years of noble living; but the

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kindergarten can breathe around the childish life so soft and gentle an atmosphere that the virtues which God has implanted in every human heart must needs wake and stir and struggle upward toward the light.

A wonderful educational idea, the kindergarten! you say. Yes, truly, a revelation of strength and beauty. A blessed place where life can be so nourished! A blessed place indeed—one of the gateways to the millennium! Dwell therein long enough, and you may not dare to doubt it.

Doubtless you will think me over-enthusiastic in what I claim for Froebel's system, but I speak that I do know, and from the standpoint of experience. If enthusiasm can live and grow and wax ever stronger through years of practical work and trial, then it would seem, even to the prejudiced observer, that there must be good ground for it to grow in. Undoubtedly there are kindergartens and kindergartens; the spirit is not the same in all of them; but it is no discredit to the heavenly rectitude of the compass if I have never learned how to steer my ship by it.

Yet I am not such a fanatic as to claim that all the noble qualities I have mentioned can be fully developed in the kindergarten. I only say that the climate thereof is a genial one, where virtues bud as in their native air, and that if the home influences are favorable, and the succeeding gardener a wise one, the little plant can but keep on urging toward the sun.

The school, as commonly conducted, is not now, and has not been in the past, especially favorable to the development of the parental virtues. Law has commonly been imposed from without rather than developed from within, and the system of credits and marking has fostered a greedy spirit of emulation rather than respect for work for the work's sake, and a willingness to aid the weaker brother. That this has not been true of all schools I know, and I clearly see that a leaven is working which will in time change these matters. May I be pardoned if I suggest that possibly the kindergarten is this leaven, and that its greatest claim to consideration in the future may, perhaps, be found to lie in the influence it has exerted on higher education?

Nowadays, when that higher education is completed, the young woman frequently pursues some special course or courses, all eminently practical and useful in future motherhood, should she attain unto that dignity. She goes to a cooking-school, she takes up the scientific study of dressmaking, she attends "emergency lectures," she studies the treatment of the sick and the care of invalids, or, perhaps best of all, since all these things may be added unto it, she takes a complete course of kindergarten training. A kindergarten training-school is the only place where a young woman can get a specific preparation for motherhood. During the year or two of study required, the pupil will not only gain a fund of information regarding the wise treatment of infants and young children, but by daily practice, frequently among the poorer classes, will add to her instinctive tenderness and sympathy the wisdom, good judgment, firmness, self-restraint, and devotion to ultimate ideals needed by the true mother. Nor need she fear, be she an absolutely predestinate spinster, that any of this work will be wasted; for, failing children of her own, there is no dearth of the world's forsaken little ones who hunger and thirst for her loving services.

And what is the future father doing meantime? Is he preparing for his possible responsibilities? is he strengthening his shoulders for the burdens which may sometime be laid upon them? or is one parent, if she be a good one, supposed to be enough in a family? I put these questions as one thirstily desiring information. If I could answer, I should not ask them.

With all the educational agencies at our command, could we produce well-rounded characters, self-controlled, self-governing, abounding in love and in aspiration toward the ideal, convinced with heart-conviction of the responsibility of each to all and all to God—could we do all this, nor neglect the cultivation of the imagination and the reason, nor that knowledge which is gained from books, we should produce the ideal parent, who is the ideal human being. But none of these things may be done without the co-operation of the ideal home; and the ideal home is not yet, nor will be until some Seventh Wave of humanity has rolled the race onward, far beyond its present halting-place.

Some Pages from the Past

To ridicule fashions and customs, to condemn the present mode as compared with those common at different times in the past, often furnishes topics for tongue and pencil. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her new book, "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," [1] in the chapter on "Artifices of Handsomeness," gives such a graphic picture of the customs of hair-dressing as makes the women of to-day rejoice at the burdens from which time has freed them. Anna Green Winston writes a description of her own experience under the hands of a fashionable hair-dresser:

I had my Heddus roll on. Aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head ach and burn and itch like anything Mama. This famous Roll is not made wholly of a Red-Cow Tail but is a mixture of that & horsehair very coarse & a little human hair of a yellow hue that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D. (the barber) made it, all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, Aunt put it on, and my new cap upon it; she then took up her apron and measured me & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions I measured above an inch longer than I did downward from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than Virtue and Modesty without the help of fals hair, Red-Cow tail or D. the barber.

Poets found the fashion of wearing the hair a worthy subject for their pens. One wrote:

> Ladies you had better leave off your high rolls
> Lest by extravagance you lose your poor souls
> Then haul out the wool, and likewise the tow
> 'Twill clothe our whole army we very well know.

Another wrote:

> Give Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool,
> Of paste and pomatum a pound,
> Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull
> And gauze to encompass it round.
> . . . . . .
> Let her flaps fly behind for a yard at the least,
> Let her curls meet just under her chin,
> Let those curls be supported to keep up the list,
> With an hundred instead of one pin.

Men's hair, or rather their wigs, became the subject of wrath. Judge Sewall, that protector of morals, wrote in his diary, in 1701:

Having last night heard that Joshua Willard had cut off his hair (a very full head of hair) and put on a Wigg, I went to him this morning. Told his mother what I came about and she call'd him. I enquired of him what extremity had forced him to put off his own Hair and put on a Wigg? He answered none at all. But said his Hair was streight and that it parted behinde. Seem'd to argue that men might as well shave their hair off their head, as off their face. I answered men were men before they had any hair on their faces (half of mankind never have any). God seems to have ordain'd our Hair as a Test, to see whether we can bring out to be content at his finding: or whether we would be our own Carvers, Lords, and come no more at Him. If we dislike our Skin or Nails; tis no Thanks to us for all that we cut them not off. . . . He seem'd to say would leave off his Wigg when his hair was grown. I spake to his Father of it a day or two after. He thank'd me that had discoursed his Son, and told me when his Hair was grown to cover his ears he promised to leave off his Wigg. If he had known it would have forbidden him.

How sweetly and how naturally sounds this next request; how familiar to all mothers' ears! It is not the same object now that makes the young girl plead, but the pleading never changes its note, nor the answering its mother-tone. Eliza Southgate Bowne in 1800 writes:

Now, Mama, what do you think I am going to ask for?—A WIG. Eleanor Coffin has got a new one just like my hair and

[1] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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only 5 dollars. I must either cut my hair or have one. I cannot dress it at all *stylish*.

Every mother will smile at the familiar argument of economy: "We could save it in pins and paper, besides the *trouble*." This argument could not have proved a prophecy, for Mrs. Earle tells us that barbers' bills for the care of wigs became a serious expense. We think of those early days as days of hard work and little pleasure. The following advertisement shows a certain tendency to vanity:

An Excellent Wash for the Skin which entirely taketh out all Freckles Moath & Sunburn from the Face Neck & Hands, which with Frequent Use adds a most Agreeable Lustre to the Complexion, softens & beautifies the skin to Admiration And is generally used and approved of by most of the Gentry in London *of both Sexes*.

Mrs. Morse says: "Though simplicity of dress was one of the corner-stones of the Puritan Church, the individual members did not yield their personal vanity without many struggles." When prosperity attended the new settlers, the love of dress and ornament became, in the minds of the rulers, the ministers, and the magistrates, a subject for condemnation, and this decree was sent out:

That no person either man or woman shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either silk or woolen or linen with any lace on it, silver, gold, or thread, under the penalty of forfeiture of said clothes. Also that no person either man or woman shall make or buy any slashed clothes other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back; also all cut-works, embroideries, or needle-work cap, bands, and rails are forbidden hereafter to be made or worn under the aforesaid penalty; also all gold or silver girdles, hatbands, belts, ruffs, beaverhats are prohibited to be bought or worn hereafter.

Privilege was given to the owners of the forbidden garments to wear out those they owned at the time of the announcement of prohibition. But the embargo only proved a safety-valve to the protestants. The love of dress prevailed over a fear of any penalty; and public sentiment eventually gained the day, and liberty in dress prevailed, till now we question its wisdom at times.

"Customs and Fashions in Old New England" is a most interesting book, and offers many evenings of delightful enjoyment to the family reading circle. It gives such a picture of the homes of the Puritans as was needed to complete our knowledge of the beginnings of our history.

The Circle's Presents

Among the pleasantest memories of the holiday season, to those fortunate enough to have taken part in it, is the Christmas festival in the kindergarten. It is there a fitting climax to weeks of preparation. The Christmas-tree *may* have presents for the workers, but it *must* have presents for the workers to give away. The fingers of all the children have been busy making the Christmas present for father and mother; and, if there is a baby, in many kindergartens the baby's Christmas present has been the object of much thought and planning. The kindergarten Christmas-tree offers a delightful occasion, whether the members of its little circle are rich or poor. But it has a peculiar interest if its little community are from that class where the Christmas festivities depend on whether "father" has work or not; whether Christmas comes in a dull or a busy season. The presents on the tree mark the festival as a time of receiving; they may be the only gifts the fathers or mothers receive. Each gift is the expression of love; it is the evidence of the skill of a remarkable child to its fortunate parent—all children are remarkable.

The pride, the pleasure, the possibilities of pure joy in a sachet-bag woven by a little child's fingers; the immutability of a calendar pasted on a piece of paper, encircled by the stitches of the same baby fingers, is understood only by those who have known the mystery of a father's or a mother's love.

It is only necessary to see the expression that comes into the faces of the hard-working women, who in their Sunday best have come to the exercises, as the little circle march in singing, to know how important a moment this is. Color deepens in the cheeks of fond and proud mothers. Sometimes the fathers are there, and then the conscious exchange of glances between the fathers and mothers and the shy, the timid, or the proud Katies and Johnnies, proves that for this time sentiment enfolds that family. It is a supreme moment in the lives of these families; it calls out their best manners, and gives birth to new hopes. The tree, bright and glittering and laden with the work of many fingers, is a center of interest. Sometimes its green branches bear the unexpected fruit of dolls, and it seems to grow out of a mound of wagons, with growths of oranges and suggestive paper bags. Then it is a hard matter to sing and go through the games. At last it is over, and Johnnie, Katie, and the rest of them become the hosts and hostesses, and, often for the first time, know the joy of giving.

One little kindergarten boy, at a recent Christmas-tree festival, thrilled all his hearers when, in response to the question, "What shall we sing now?" he pointed to the orange and the bag of candy in his new wagon, just received, and asked, "Is them food?"

"Yes," answered the sweet-voiced kindergartner.

"Then let's sing, "We thank Him for this food!" A glow came into the kindergartner's face, and, after a moment, she sat down to the piano and began, in a low, sweet voice, which the children as softly followed:

"Father, we thank thee for this food." The children accepted the song as perfectly natural; they have a little lunch each day, and are in the habit of singing this simple grace. It was done as though the children were saying, "Thank you," to a person visible. The little circle went out hand in hand, saluting the Christmas-tree as they passed it.

It was hard to decide which faces gave the greatest evidence of happiness, the children's or the mothers', or those of the two happy fathers who honored this occasion. For one hour the family bond had been more closely knit; the best in all had been drawn out, and the little children had been the ministers.

From the Day's Mail

The interest in the summer home for working-girls known to our readers as Cherry Vale, and managed by the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, was never more evident than at the present time. Two friends send a check for twenty dollars to be used as necessity requires. This money is placed at the disposal of the Working-Girls' Society to be used for a sick girl or girls this winter. The following letter shows the interest of the givers:

Dear Outlook:

I purposed sending a contribution to your Vacation Fund last summer. My having failed to do so, I realize with regret, must have deprived some tired girl of her much-needed recreation.

Please accept now the inclosed twenty dollars; half of which is contributed by another lady.

Would that it might become, in your untiring sympathy with these brave, wearied workers, the nucleus of a special fund for the sick or for those in peculiar stress!

It seems to me that if each school-girl would contribute ten or perhaps twenty cents (which, wrapped in a bit of paper, would reach you safely inclosed in a letter, or which could be sent collectively in a check from each school), what helpful provision you would have with which to carry a ray of hope and cheer into some of the dark places made dreary by want and despair!

Be the gift small or (happily) large, the trouble of forwarding it to you will not be much; and many givers, urged forward by willing hearts filled with sympathy for unsuccessful workers during this coming winter, would make light work for you.

Thanking you for your earnest efforts in behalf of others,

Believe me, sincerely yours, ——.

In The Outlook of August 12 is a request for a recipe for bread of entire wheat flour.

One quart flour, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder, one saltspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly and then add one pint cold water. Bake one hour. S. L. D.

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Our Young Folks

The School-Girls' Fund

There has been received at this office since the first of October from school-girls the sum of $85. Sixty dollars was received from the pupils of the Misses Ely's school, Riverside Drive and Eighty-sixth Street, New York, twenty dollars from "Two Friends," and five dollars from a teacher in a Southern college. It seemed wrong, in the face of the awful suffering among working-girls in New York this winter, to deposit this money in bank, letting it lie idle until time for the summer vacations. Sixty dollars has been forwarded as a loan to the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, who become responsible for its distribution as a loan among the sick girls who are always its protégées. Twenty-five dollars has been forwarded to a Working-Girls' Club up-town where there is peculiar suffering, the President of that club becoming responsible to the Fund on behalf of the debtors. These sums are loaned with the full expectation that they will be returned to the Vacation Fund. There are families in New York in which not one of the wage-earners is earning one cent. In the club to which the twenty-five dollars is loaned, a family of five is dependent on the earnings of a girl of fifteen.

The peculiar advantage of loaning money in a Working-Girls' Club is that the circumstances of the family are always understood. It is impossible for any other organization to understand so intimately the personnel of a family as the officers of a Working-Girls' Club know and understand the personnel of the families of its members.

As an instance of how money can be misused: On the East Side of the city is a club of tenement-house women, who have had, through the generosity of some friends, money enough in their treasury to do some charitable work. Three weeks ago one of the members handed a note to the President, stating that in Broome Street was a family, the father dying of consumption, the mother with a baby three months old, and there was no food in the house. She did not tell that out of her small income she had just given them twenty-five cents. The idea of stating the case in a note was that she was not sure that the President would think it wise to bring the club's attention to the condition of this family. It did not seem wise; the club had just undertaken to pay the rent for five months of a widow with four very young children, and money enough to meet this rent must be kept in the treasury. Last week, with careful economy and another small donation, there was money enough in the treasury to consider this case, but the member who had presented it was not present at the meeting. The President had preserved the note, and stated the case to the members, who voted the sum of one dollar to the family. To the President's surprise, the next day she received a note from the member who had found the family, saying, "Do not send that dollar to the —— family; they are not worthy of it." This is what she had discovered: The Roman Catholic church of which the mother of the family was a member was sending her two dollars' worth of groceries a week; a Protestant mission church to which one of the children went was also sending two dollars' worth of groceries a week, and had given one-half ton of coal, and promised another. A washerwoman living in the house hurt her finger and could not keep one of her engagements; she went upstairs to this poor woman and offered her the opportunity to do the day's washing, agreeing to take care of her baby. The woman scorned it, and the man declared that while he lived his wife should never do any washing. The groceries did not come in one week at the time promised, from the Protestant church, and the woman was furiously indignant, and complained to one of her neighbors; while she was complaining they arrived, and the sick man announced that he would rather have two quarts of beer than all the groceries in the box. The missionary of the Protestant church has had the sick man removed to one of the hospitals in New York; but the two churches were, until notified, each contributing to the support of the family, the mother making not the slightest exertion to earn money.

The facts of this case would not have been known had it not been for the chance acquaintance of this member of the Woman's Club. The most dangerous financial administration for both giver and receiver is that of money which goes in the form of charity. Money should never be given without thorough knowledge; and how can thorough knowledge be gained of a family by even half a dozen careful visits? This loan fund for the working-girls of New York ought to be a large one, and we hope, now that this suggestion has gone to our readers, that we shall have a generous response, with the understanding that, as far as possible, the money will be paid back and become part of the Vacation Fund next summer.

The Cave-In at the Aqueduct

And How it Made Friends of Two Enemies

By W. Bert Foster

Bierce Carberry and John Woodman were sworn enemies. They had been enemies in school and upon the playground; and now that both had gone to work, and chance threw them more or less into each other's way, their enmity still smoldered, ready to break out into a strong flame at the first provocation.

How the feud had commenced neither Bierce nor John could have told you. It was too far in the past for either of them to remember very accurately, and, besides, they thought they had enough recent sources of trouble to think about, without going back to the "primal cause."

There was that time, in the last year of their grammar-school course, when both were striving for the prize in oratory. Bierce's oration mysteriously disappeared only a few days before the time set for its delivery, and he *knew* John was the enemy who took it from his desk. That the janitor found it, a fortnight or so later, among the litter in the cellar, did not clear John in Bierce's eyes. Of course he threw it there with the other sweepings after he was sure that Bierce could not win the prize, although the master and all the other boys were confident that, in accordance with his usual careless habits, Bierce had dropped the paper out of his desk himself.

Bierce, having not perfectly learned his oration before its disappearance, and having destroyed the first draft, of course broke down when he came to speak on the prize-giving day, and John, his bitterest enemy, bore off the prize. *That* was a terrible blow to Bierce.

John owned a dog—a beautiful little water-spaniel, with eyes almost human in their intelligence—and every boy in town was fond of it; that is, every boy but Bierce Carberry. John's dog was a jolly little creature, believed everybody—especially every boy—his friend, and was proud to "fetch and carry" until he dropped from fatigue. Of course he was a great water-dog, and the boys delighted to get him down to the riverside and throw out chips for the intelligent little animal to swim for.

One day in winter—it was the last winter the two enemies attended school—right after the usual January thaw, when the river was open in spots and the ice so thin about the shores that the boys could not get on to the thicker ice to skate, Bierce Carberry and several other boys were strolling along the river bank, when John's dog spied them from the main street of the village, and, knowing by past experience that where a party of boys was there was likely to be some good fun on hand, he raced down to the shore.

"Here's Jack Woodman's miserable little cur," said Bierce, as the spaniel commenced dancing about the group and barking loudly. "Let's see what he's good for."

He picked up a big chip as he spoke, and was about to hurl it far into an open piece of water, several rods from the shore, when one of his companions stayed his arm.

"I wouldn't do that, Bierce, if I were you," he said. "The poor little beggar'll be sure to go out for it, and the ice is

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so thin that he won't be able to run on it, and yet thick enough to keep him from swimming through."

"Oh, you go on!" returned Bierce, crossly, shaking off the detaining hand. "It ain't *your* dog, is it? If he's got any pluck in him, he'll get back all right."

He threw the chip as he spoke, and the spaniel saw it. One of the boys tried to hold him, but the little creature broke away, barking gleefully, and plunged into the ice-cold water. Some of the boys tried to call him back, but he mistook their shouts and whistling for encouragement, and kept on toward the chip.

When he reached the ice he endeavored to crawl out upon it, but it was not strong enough to bear even his slight weight. Several times he tried this feat, and the boys thought he would give up the attempt.

Suddenly, however, he dove beneath the ice. A full minute passed before he again appeared, and then his head popped up in the little patch of open water where floated the chip; but the boys all saw that he was greatly exhausted.

He barked pluckily, however, and grabbed the chip; but how to get back was now the question. Evidently the spaniel feared to try the feat of swimming beneath the ice again, and he swam round and round the little basin of open water, still clinging to the chip, pitifully trying to find a way out of the dilemma.

Some of the boys tore off several lengths of fence-rails, and one went after a rope; but nothing could be done, for nobody knew how to go about it. In the midst of the trouble John Woodman appeared on the scene. The dog, seeing his master on the shore, made one more frantic effort to reach him. Still holding the chip, he dove beneath the ice again. The chip, after a time, came to the surface, but the dog never did. Chilled by his long stay in the water, the animal became confused, and the current of the stream doubtless swept him away.

Loud indeed were the lamentations of the boys—all but John. He grew very white, but listened to an account of the affair without comment. Then, throwing off his hat and coat, he demanded "satisfaction" from his enemy. Bierce, nothing loth, was willing, and the two boys entered into a most disgraceful fight, in which John, although almost blinded by tears of rage at the loss of his pet, managed to pummel Bierce severely, "and served him right," as all the witnesses declared.

Of course such occurrences as these—the loss of Bierce's oration and the drowning of John's water-spaniel—served to strengthen the boys' enmity, and they sought to do each other all the injury possible. They were both only children in their families, or they might have dragged both households into the feud. As it was, occasionally their two mothers would become exasperated, each at the other's son, and try to stir their husbands up to "do something about it;" but Mr. Carberry and Mr. Woodman were not to be moved by their wives' stories. Instead, each finally took his own son out in the woodshed, and, although they were nearly sixteen years of age, administered such chastisement as each deemed proper. It is safe to say that after that Bierce and John did not seek to draw their parents into their disagreements.

Although their boys were ever at war, Mr. Carberry and Mr. Woodman remained the best of friends. For years they had been partners in the firm of Carberry & Woodman, contractors, and they hoped that their sons would follow in their footsteps, and become partners in the business, too. Both fathers firmly believed that a grammar-school education was really all a boy needed in the business world, and as soon as Bierce and John had graduated they were set to work as timekeepers and general assistants of the partners.

At this time the firm of Carberry & Woodman had taken a contract on a great aqueduct in the neighboring city, and employed nearly four hundred men. It was an immense work, and was let out in sections to various contractors, who were under bonds to complete their several sections within a given time.

It was the largest job the firm had ever undertaken, and the partners were naturally quite anxious about it. Their two sons, just from school, with their wits sharpened by brushing against their schoolfellows, were able to be of assistance to them in very many ways. But ofttimes they spoiled their usefulness by their wretched enmity, and caused their parents more bother than the whole force of men put together.

At length, one day, the partners found their respective sons engaging in a fistic encounter behind a pile of timber, out of sight of the workmen, and had to fairly pull them apart, for both were fighting like tiger-cats.

"Look here, you rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Carberry, shaking his son until his teeth rattled. "What do mean by such conduct as this? Look at your face! You look like a prize-fighter. If, at any future time, you feel as though you *must* take a licking or burst, you come to *me*, and I'll accommodate you."

"What were you fighting about?" demanded Mr. Woodman, holding back his own boy in a strong grasp, for John was almost beside himself with passion.

"He called me a liar!" cried John.

"What if he did? That didn't make you one, did it?" inquired his father, sternly. "You might just as well be a falsifier as a bully."

"Now, I tell you what it is, Bierce," declared Mr. Carberry, "if I hear of a repetition of this disgraceful scene I'll set you to work with pick and shovel with the other men. Do you understand?"

"And I'll do the same for you, John," said Mr. Woodman. "You boys *could* be of great assistance to us; but if you *won't* behave, why, down you go into the ditch with the rest of the shovelers."

With the threat of this punishment in their minds, Bierce and John managed to behave themselves quite respectably for some time; but the feud still smoldered in their hearts.

The section of the aqueduct being built by Carberry & Woodman included in its length a portion of the great brick culvert which passed through a new street just at the foot of a high bank. The bank was of treacherous sand, and many tons had to be dug away ere it was considered safe for the men to work at the foot of the declivity.

The street was yet to be built, as well as the aqueduct; but along the summit of the hill, which was fully a hundred feet above, was a much older highway, which was solidly built up on the side opposite the declivity to blocks of tenement-houses. In digging away the hill to allow the building of the aqueduct, this upper street was trespassed upon quite extensively, and at one point, where there had been a slight landslide, a piece of the city water-main—a six-inch iron pipe—had been exposed.

"It's a dangerous spot," Mr. Carberry often said, anxiously gazing at the bare sand-cliff upon which the weight of a footstep might set tons of soil in motion. "The city should build a bank-wall here if they want us to put in the culvert in its present position."

No accident had occurred, however, until now the new aqueduct was almost completed beneath the hill, and was partially covered level with the new street. Between the bank and the brick tunnel, which was arched above and quite four feet through, was a space alternating from two to four feet in width, amply sufficient, it was thought, to receive all the loose sand which would rattle down during the course of construction.

It was a new portion of the city where Carberry & Woodman had their contract, and buildings were going up on every hand. Above the aqueduct, on the street before mentioned, one of the tenement-houses was being moved back to make room for a still larger one in front, and building material was being carted to the street on top of the hill and dumped there almost every hour.

Sometimes the shock of a load of bricks or building stone being dumped would start bushels upon bushels of sand rattling down the hill into the ditch between the aqueduct and the bank, and the older men would look up at the cliff and shake their heads in doubt, grumbling among themselves at the dangers of the situation.

It was not a job which anybody craved, to keep that

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ditch clear from sand, and some of the men absolutely refused to go into it. One morning a young man named Donald Gregson was clearing away the sand, and more was rattling down than usual. Suddenly, following immediately upon the dumping of a heavy load of stone above them, a ton or more of sand and gravel slid down, burying Gregson's legs to his knees.

The fellow struggled out of the ditch, and, in great fear, leaped the aqueduct to get out of harm's way. Both Bierce and John were near by, and the former laughed loudly at the workingman's fright.

"Don't you laugh too loud, young master," responded Gregson, wagging his head warningly. "That 'ere whole bank 'll cave some day, you mark my word."

"Pooh! don't be so chicken-hearted, Gregson," responded Bierce, scornfully. "A little slide like that's not going to hurt you. There won't be another right away."

"There won't be another while *I'm* there, you're right," returned the man, doggedly, "for I don't go back into that ditch for no money."

"I b'lieve those fellows up there are dumping their teams right next to the fence the boss put up in the middle of the road," declared another man. "This bank wouldn't cave so if they weren't. They'll have the whole thing down upon us if they keep it up. I wish one of you boys would go up and see what they *are* doing."

"I'll go up," said John, moving away toward a part of the hill where the ascent was easier.

"Oh, pshaw!" Bierce exclaimed, in disgust. "There's no danger at all. Here, give me that shovel, Gregson. I'll clear the ditch myself."

He leaped over the brickwork as he spoke, and commenced throwing out the accumulated sand. John, however, kept on up the bank; but when he had almost reached the top, another load of stone was tipped, with a shock greater than that of the last load.

There was a cry of horror from the men below, and John saw that the shock had indeed had the effect that had been feared. It had caused a landslip just where the piece of water-main was exposed. Ton upon ton of sand and gravel was sliding swiftly down the hill, and several great rocks were bounding down the slope in the rear of the avalanche!

The landslide struck the aqueduct with a dull shock that could have been heard for half a mile, and the rocks bounded down among the men like huge cannon-balls. The last rock from the load so carelessly dumped struck the water-pipe in its passage. The brittle pipe snapped like clay, and the weight of the great stone carried away a full length of the main, while the water gushed from the broken pipe like a great fountain.

The men rushed from all parts of the aqueduct with hoarse shouts; but for a moment John Woodman sank to the earth, almost paralyzed by the terrible sight. No one but his old enemy, Bierce Carberry, was in the ditch, but he was buried almost to his armpits in the sand. Fortunately, none of the rocks had fallen upon him, although many of them were heaped all about his position.

A dozen men leaped the aqueduct with shovels to dig out the unfortunate boy; but they leaped back almost as quickly. The great stream of water was pouring down into the ditch and bringing ton upon ton of soil every instant. Like a great hydraulic pipe the broken water-main spurted its six-inch stream into the yielding bank, and the water, thick with the loosened sand, flowed down the declivity in a wide, deep stream, directly upon the imperiled boy.[1]

Naught could save him, for, fastened as he was by the great weight of the avalanche, the water, which found an outlet through the choked-up ditch very slowly, would soon rise above his head, and he would miserably perish. The men stood horror-stricken, unable to do the first thing to save him.

Not so the boy high up on the bank, however. He saw the only course by which he might save his enemy: but now there was no thought of the old feud in his heart. He remembered only that a human life was in imminent peril, and that with him, and him alone, lay the only possible means of saving Bierce Carberry.

Running hastily along the oblique hill, each step sending the treacherous sand rattling downward, John approached the broken water-pipe. The terrific power of the stream showed itself in the cavity it was excavating in the hillside, and the gully which it had forced for itself down the bank was already waist deep. In striving to leap this water-course, the boy fell back into it, and was at once carried off his feet; but he recovered himself several yards below, and fought his way out upon the further side of the gully.

Below him, in the ditch, the water was lashed to yellow foam, in which, now and again, Bierce Carberry's face appeared. The flood had not yet covered him.

With an almost superhuman exertion, John mounted straight up the bank and grasped the exposed end of the pipe, out of which the water was hurtling with an almost deafening noise. Deeper and deeper was the stream digging into the hill, every instant increasing the danger of a second and greater landslide.

Hastily slipping off his coat, he partially rolled it up and thrust it into the mouth of the pipe. It was like trying to bridle a vicious horse, or to gag a wildcat, to close the mouth of the pipe. The water beat him back once, and almost carried him down the hill again; but he persevered and stuffed the coat into the pipe, and his arm, up to his shoulder, to hold it.

The men below saw what he was doing now, and they cheered. The water ran slower and slower—and then stopped. Clinging to the pipe with one arm, he pressed his other shoulder against the opening, and held the coat within the pipe by the mere weight of his body.

"Turn off the water!" he shouted.

The men heard him, but could he hold on long enough for it to be accomplished? He was saturated from head to foot, and his arm thrust into the pipe was numb with cold. Suppose he should be forced from his position? Once more the stream would burst forth and fill the ditch below with a murky flood.

He could not see what was going on below him, nor could he see above. At any instant another terrific landslide might start and carry him with it to the foot of the bank. He could hear shouts and hoarsely given orders, but whether addressed to him or not he did not know. Consciousness seemed slipping away from him, and his only thought was to cling to the pipe.

Suddenly a great cheer arose from the crowd below, and the next moment John knew that a man had reached his side from the summit of the hill. It was his father, and he had a rope about his waist, the other end of which was held by strong hands above. He felt himself drawn away from the pipe, and again the water gushed forth; but slowly now, for the supply had been shut off. Then, for a little while, his senses did leave him.

A little later John opened his eyes to find himself lying beside Bierce Carberry upon a hastily made bed in one of the tool-houses. Several men were standing about—two of them physicians—with Mr. Carberry and his own father.

"Your son has sustained a fracture of the left leg above the knee," one of the professional men was saying to Mr. Carberry, "and is otherwise badly used up; but, although his hurt is severe, it is not necessarily dangerous. As for this youngster here—and a regular little hero he is—*he* will soon be about again, although he seems considerably bruised and exhausted now. Let me tell you, Mr. Woodman, you ought to be proud of such a boy."

And, without doubt, Mr. Woodman *was* proud, and thankful, too, that John had been fortunate enough to go through the great peril with so little injury. Bierce, poor fellow, was laid up for several months, and went about on crutches for weeks after he got out-of-doors; but in all that time he had no more devoted nurse than his erstwhile enemy, John Woodman.

"John, old fellow, you are too good to me after all I've done to injure you," Bierce sometimes says.

"Hush up, my son," returns John, with gravity, though smiling; "two fellows who have been so near death together as we have can no longer be enemies!"

[1] An actual occurrence.

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In the Iron-Mills

By Eugene A. Tuttle

In its ores, iron is associated with various other elements, which must be removed by smelting—that is, subjected to a melting heat. To this end various kinds of furnaces are used, but, ordinarily, the ore is first reduced in a *blast* furnace.

Imagine a chimney-like structure, its inner portion built of fire-brick (which are made of a peculiar sort of clay resisting the intensest heat), some fifty feet high, and narrowing upward and downward from a point somewhat below its center. This widest part is known as the "bosh," and is, say, twenty feet in diameter. The base forms a sort of pot in which to receive the melted iron. Leading into it are pipes through which air is forced by an engine, as a blacksmith's bellows fans his forge fire. This, in brief, is a blast-furnace. Its fires, of course, are kindled from below, although the furnace is "charged" from above. First comes a layer of coal or coke, then one of ore, lastly one of "flux," usually lime. The process is repeated, layer after layer, until the furnace is filled. A mammoth sandwich, is it not? The flux has the property of gathering the impurities from the iron. These float as a sort of scum on the surface of the melted metal, and flow off as "slag."

When the iron is ready to be drawn from the furnace, a "tapping-hole," hitherto closed with sand, is forced open, and, like a torrent of lava from the side of a volcano, the white-hot iron bursts forth and runs into channels prepared for it in a bed of sand. Here it cools into "pigs" about four feet long, and, after a remelting in the "puddling" furnace, is ready to be rolled or drawn into bars, rods, wire, or what not. Following its fortunes, then, we come to the rolling-mills.

Here what a din greets our ears! What a rumble, roar, and crash—noise of explosions and hiss of heated metal! Mighty hammers jar the earth with their pounding. Over there a huge pair of shears opens like the jaws of an alligator. The jaws calmly close and bite off a thick bar of iron as easily as you would snip a thread with your scissors.

Yonder a saw is cutting off hot bars a certain length. Water steadily pours over it, but the sparks fly to the roof, and you are reminded of the mammoth "pin-wheels" you saw go off at the fireworks last Fourth of July. As the bars are sawed off, men strike them with wooden mauls to make them quite straight. We will not venture too near. This very morning a workman slipped, fell upon the saw, and was taken to the hospital terribly mangled.

The glow of the fires, the clangor and uproar, the forms of the workmen, busy as beavers and drenched with perspiration, all form a mental picture not soon to fade.

Here are the low, flat puddling or "reverbatory" furnaces, with sloping roofs from which the fierce heat is reflected downward upon the iron. Into these furnaces are fed the "pigs," like those we saw cooling in their sandy beds over at the blast-furnace; or perhaps "scrap" iron, gathered up from the mills and by the well-known iron, bone, and rag peddlers through the country, is pushed into these fiery mouths. At the scrap-heap men are busy at work piling up the pieces of iron on small boards into heaps perhaps a cubic foot in dimensions. These little heaps, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, are put into the furnace, board and all. The workmen, courteously showing us the various processes of working the iron, tell us that they are paid by the ton, which constitutes about a day's work, for which from $1.50 to $3.50 is paid. At night the scene is grand, and one is reminded of the shop of the fabled Vulcan, blacksmith of the gods. At this furnace near which we stand is an attendant boy, who ever and anon, at a signal from the workman, by a lever hoists an iron door so that the state of the iron can be seen. The fiery glow dazzles our unaccustomed eyes like a glance at the noonday sun. Yonder a "charge" of iron—about three thousand pounds—has just been placed in the furnace. The workman beckons us to come, and, responding to his invitation, he bids us watch the glowing mass as he turns it with his bar. The charge becomes red, then white-hot. It fuses and cleaves together like taffy. Look! It begins to run like melting lead. Gradually the mass yields to the terrible heat and forms a puddle of liquid iron, the refuse or slag flowing out into a little iron cart set to receive it. Meanwhile the workman, sometimes changing with his "partner," has been industriously stirring this novel sort of hasty-pudding. He now throws in a quantity of cold slag. The impurities having been "oxidized," or burned out, the slag makes the mass grow pasty. Still the workman stirs. The mass thickens, is formed into balls, and is ready for the rolls. Overhead, among a labyrinth of rods, beams, and braces run the "trolleys," or carriers, from which hang rods carrying heavy tongs or pincers. A workman seizes a pair of these, thrusts them into the furnace, and a ball of glowing iron, like a newly fallen meteorite, is drawn forth. We shrink from the scorching heat, but the workman is used to it, and with his fiery ball, as large as a good-sized pumpkin, plunges into the depths of the mill. Ah, there he goes! the carrier running on its particular track overhead. He transfers the lump of iron to the "squeezer," a machine consisting of a heavy cog-wheel set on a vertical shaft, and turning within a circular frame or "drum," between whose sides and the wheel the iron is squeezed and lengthened out to prepare it for the rolls. These are two, perhaps three, long, round (cylindrical) iron rollers fitted with grooves, which grow smaller and smaller towards one end. As the iron comes from the squeezer it is seized by a workman with a pair of tongs and placed at one of the larger set of grooves. The revolving horizontal ("lengthwise") rolls carry the iron through, compressing and lengthening it. A workman on the other side seizes it and passes it *over* the rolls back again. Passing the iron, which is thus rapidly drawn out, alternately over and under the rolls, is necessary, because the motion of the rolls is not reversed. So on until the bars reach the desired size and length. Railroad rails are thus made, and a great variety of sizes and shapes may be given to the bars. Wire is similarly drawn out, and comes hissing and writhing upon the iron floor like a fiery serpent. A boy expertly seizes it, places one end in a sort of reel, and rapidly winds it into coils.

Water constantly runs over the rolls, and the red-hot iron often "cracks" like a rifle, and the sparks fly in a novel sort of fireworks. Much skill is required to seize the iron properly and guide it through the rolls; and the workmen need to be on their guard to prevent accidents, as the hot bars rush through apparently right at the workman.

Sunday Afternoon

Church and State[1]

By the Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D.

It cannot be doubted, I suppose, that it was the intention of the founders of this Republic to ordain a complete separation between Church and State. In the Constitution as originally adopted this was thought to have been secured by the simple statement in the last section that "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." But this was almost at once found to be insufficient. The first Congress, just a year after the adoption of the Constitution, proposed ten amendments to the Legislatures of the several States. The first of these amendments provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This was ratified within two years by the requisite number of States; and for more than a century we have been living under these two constitutional provisions.

Experience has demonstrated, however, that they are not sufficiently full and explicit. The intention of our peo-

[1] Preached at the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., December 11, 1893.

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ple undoubtedly is complete separation. Not only to have no State Church, nor merely to forbid the State to interfere with any citizen's religious convictions and preferences, but to prevent any indirect and insidious methods of using public money or public office to advance the interests of any religious denomination.

This National purpose has been measurably defeated by granting State and National aid to charitable institutions under sectarian control, and by the system of contract schools among the Indians. This seems a small and harmless thing, and until recently has not been recognized as a violation of the fundamental principle of separation between Church and State. But it plainly is such a violation, and establishes a very hazardous precedent. As to the Indian schools, several of the religious denominations have renounced their partnership with the State, and determined to do their school work as they do their church work, with their own funds. This must be made universal. Indian children must either be educated in Government schools at public expense, or the mission schools must be paid for wholly by those who control them. For myself, I decidedly prefer the former alternative.

As to charitable institutions, the same must be done. If they are supported by the State, as are penal institutions, they must be controlled by the State. Denominational hospitals, asylums, refuges of every sort, must be maintained by private charity.

There is need of much clear thinking, and of much honest and fearless action, along this line. Many Protestants wax virtuously indignant because one Church—the Roman Catholic—gets the lion's share of public money used in charity. Such is, no doubt, the fact. For example: in New York State, within the last ten years, five and one-half millions of dollars have been given from taxation to Roman Catholic charities, against three hundred and sixty-five thousand to all Protestant charities. No doubt this is grossly unfair. But to base our objections upon the unfairness of the distribution is practically to concede that we would be satisfied if we could get our full share of the spoils. That is, we are willing to have virtual union of Church and State, provided we can sufficiently profit by it. But it is precisely as wrong for the Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy to get, this current year, $11,000, as for the Catholic Protectory to get $275,000. We Protestants can make no headway against these abuses until our own hands are clean. We must not only not seek appropriations, we must refuse them when offered. Just here, in the District of Columbia, where we are so constantly and strongly tempted to ask Congress for money, we must cease absolutely to accept one dollar from the United States Treasury for any institution, however needy or however worthy, that any Church or denomination controls. This might, here as elsewhere, involve temporary hardship; but the benevolence of the American people is abundant to support every worthy charity. And only by this course can be realized our fundamental principle of a free Church in a free State.

But the chief point of peril to this principle lies in the public schools. They are founded upon the conviction that in a republic the only safe citizens are intelligent citizens. Hence, all are taxed, regardless of any personal return from the taxes that they pay, regardless of whether or not they have children of their own, that all the children of the State may be educated for the common safety and welfare. The schools thus created and maintained are among our most priceless National possessions. They are not, indeed, perfect. They vary from State to State, from city to city, from district to district, as their managers, their teachers, and their pupils are more or less intelligent, earnest, and devoted. They are to some extent the victims of political manipulation; but not largely so, since politicians have learned by experience that they can do nothing more perilous to their ambition than to meddle selfishly with the public schools. But, whatever criticism may be made upon them, they are still the corner-stone of our liberties, the surest support of American institutions.

From the humblest district school in the sparsely settled country, to the fully graded and equipped high school in the metropolis, they are sending out into active life patriotic and liberty-loving citizens. Over all the same flag floats. Within all the same wise and noble words of Washington, of Henry, of Clay, of Webster, and of Lincoln are read, and the same soul-stirring National hymns are sung. On their recitation-benches sit, side by side, the sons and daughters of rich and poor, of the laborer and the professional man, of the native-born American and the newly arrived immigrant. Race-distinctions and creed-distinctions are alike obliterated. The boy from the avenue, who at home is taught that he is an aristocrat, here finds himself distanced both at play and study by the boy from the alley, and learns that first and indispensable lesson of all democracy, to estimate others upon their real merit, and not by name or calling or place of birth and of residence. No part of the work of our public schools is more important than this. No feature of the education that they give is as essential to American citizenship as the early and deeply wrought conviction of the innate dignity and the incalculable possibilities of every boy and girl, of every man and woman.

Now, these schools are assailed by one class of our citizens. Not by a political party, but by a Church. And by a Church whose center of authority and power is not within our own territory, but in a foreign land; not in a republic, but in a monarchy; whose own government is a combination of absolute and oligarchic rule; whose official business is all transacted in an alien and dead language; which flies a flag of its own side by side with the Stars and Stripes; and which owns supreme allegiance to a sovereign who claims the right to set up and cast down governments at his pleasure.

These characteristics of the Catholic Church are mentioned solely by way of definition and description. None of us, I trust, are blind to the great merits and inestimable services of that Church. We can adopt the eloquent words of the late Dr. Schaff, in his noble paper upon "The Reunion of Christendom," read before the Parliament of Religions at Chicago—"The Latin Church is a glorious Church, for she carried the treasures of Christian and classical literature over the gulf of the migration of nations, and preserved order in the chaos of civil wars; she was the alma mater of the barbarians of Europe; she turned painted savages into civilized beings, and the worshipers of idols into worshipers of Christ; she built up the colossal structures of the papal theocracy, the canon law, the monastic orders, the cathedrals, and the universities; she produced the profound systems of the scholastic and mystic theology; she stimulated and patronized the Renaissance, the printing-press, and the discovery of a new world; she still stands, like an immovable rock, bearing witness to the fundamental truths of our holy religion, and to the catholicity, continuity, and unbroken unity of the Church; and she is as zealous as ever in missionary enterprise and self-denying works of Christian charity."

With such a Church as a religious organization, and in all of her religious activities, we have no quarrel, but we have profound sympathy, and desire to have hearty co-operation. Her attitude toward the public schools is not to be met by frantic denunciation, by theatrical appeals to God to "wither the tongue" that will not curse her because of St. Bartholomew, by linking her as a cause with "rum and rebellion," nor by any form of ridicule or clamor. She has indeed committed heinous crimes against property, liberty, and life; against human rights, human freedom, and human progress. But what Protestant Church is in the position to cast the first stone at her?

And, on the other hand, she has rendered immense service to civil freedom, social order, and to personal morality. No American, surely, can be so bigoted and ungenerous as to forget that Catholics and Protestants have fought side by side on all our National battle-fields; that in 1860 and onward no voice rang out more clearly and loudly for the Union than that of Archbishop Hughes, of New York; that the great cause of temperance in this country owes as much to Father Mathew as to any other man.

Nor are we blind to the fact that the present able and

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enlightened Pontiff is sincerely desirous of Americanizing his Church in this country; a desire in which Cardinal Gibbons evidently shares, and in which he has a large following among both the clergy and the laity.

It is our duty as Protestants, and as citizens of the Republic, to recognize these facts; to refrain from false accusations against our Roman Catholic neighbors; to try to understand their position, and to meet it with cogent argument, and with kind but decisive action.

It seems obvious that they are just now making a renewed and concerted effort to divert a portion of the public school fund to their parish schools. In our neighboring State of Maryland a printed appeal for such diversion has been widely circulated. In the State of New York a similar petition is in use; and a bill is drawn, and will be introduced into the Legislature early next month, providing that whenever any individual or organization has maintained a free primary school for at least one year, with an average attendance of at least fifty pupils, such school shall thereafter draw its due proportion of public money.

Now, the gist of the claim for such action is that the public schools are godless. This assertion we meet with an emphatic denial. They do not, indeed, teach denominational Christianity in any form, but they do teach Christian morals. They, like all other American institutions, are informed and transfused with the spirit of Christianity.[1]

Our Roman Catholic friends insist that education in religion is essential. We assent most heartily. But we say that such education is the work of the home and of the church. The State cannot give it without making choice between different denominations; that is, without practically setting up a State Church. If any citizens feel that the primary schools must share with the church and the home the work of religious instruction, let them maintain such schools at their own cost. Their right to do this is unquestioned and unquestionable. But they say, "This is a grievous and unjust burden. We are taxed to support schools that our conscientious scruples will not allow us to patronize." We concede the burden, but deny the injustice. All childless citizens bear the same burden. So do all parents who send their children to private schools—who ever heard one grumble about it? And they bear it cheerfully, for the public good, that all children of the Nation may become intelligent freemen.

But our Catholic friends claim that their schools are, as educational and American, equal to the public schools. This claim was emphasized in a Thanksgiving address of Archbishop Satolli. He said: "The more public opinion and the Government favor the Catholic schools, more and more will the welfare of the Commonwealth be advanced. The Catholic education is the surest safeguard throughout the centuries of the Constitution, and the best guide of the Republic in civil progress."

We deny that this is true of any sectarian education whatever. We would resist as strenuously the proposition to intrust public education to the Presbyterian Church as we do the proposition to intrust it to the Catholic Church. The fact is, the Catholic parish schools are not as efficient educators in secular studies as the public schools. I have myself been the principal of a public school, and can testify that the pupils received from the parish schools were below—and usually far below—the grade that their age suggested. I believe this to be the uniform testimony of all public school teachers, both Protestant and Catholic.

This in the matter of learning alone. In the matter of Americanism the case is infinitely stronger. It is utterly repugnant to the genius of our institutions that our children should be segregated in their education along denominational lines, and—which is really a corollary to this—along racial lines. Our people are dangerously heterogeneous; they must be trained in knowledge of each other, and in mutual respect and confidence. This can be done only in the public schools; and in them it *is* done most effectually. Moreover, these schools have, and inculcate, an undivided allegiance to our flag and to our Constitution. I am not alleging any lack of patriotism on the part of Catholics. I believe there is no such lack. Within their churches, and in their parish schools, they teach devotion to the sovereign Pontiff beyond the sea. This is their unquestioned right. But who will pretend to say that it produces in the young that intense spirit of Americanism which is essential to the best citizenship of the Republic? With the great multitudes that are pouring in on us from every side, and whom we welcome in the sacred name of freedom, our very existence depends upon the maintenance of our National spirit. I am not pleading for that bigoted provincialism which can see nothing good in foreign governments and customs and peoples, but for such intelligent patriotism as estimates our institutions at their real value, and is determined to preserve them intact for our posterity and for the world.

Our Catholic friends make a fatal mistake, then, when they plead for a division of the school fund, as Dr. Walsh does for the New York bill, on the ground that it is approved at Rome by the cardinals and the clergy, and by the leading prelates of England, Ireland, France, and Germany. These are, doubtless, excellent men and devout Christians; but they cannot be expected to understand our institutions or our wishes. Archbishop Satolli has shown, on the whole, a remarkable appreciation of American ideas, and has uttered many sentiments that every American can applaud; but on this vital question of the public schools he is far astray, and is leading his Church toward bottomless quicksands. For the American people will never consent to the diversion of one dollar of the school fund into sectarian channels. It is sacred to the common education of all our children to be, not Protestants nor Catholics, but intelligent citizens of the Republic. The politician who tries to manipulate it will be speedily consigned to oblivion. The political party that tries to use it to partisan advantage will soon be only a shameful memory. The Church that tries to seize it on the plausible but specious plea of conscience will be withered before the hot indignation of a just and freedom-loving people.

This is not a new issue. It has often been raised locally, and has always been met promptly, and adversely to the Catholic Church. For one, I am very glad that it has now been raised clearly before all our people. We must not imagine that the whole Catholic Church is on one side of this matter, and all the rest of the Nation on the other. There are some priests and many laymen as loyal to the public schools as any Protestant can be. For example, State Senator Edmund O'Connor, of New York, says: "I am opposed to any bill of any character or kind that seeks to divert school money from its proper channel." One of the most prominent Catholic laymen of this city spoke a day or two ago with equal vigor, and declared that he spoke for nine-tenths of his fellow-laymen.[1] The movement has its seat and force distinctively in the hierarchy. But we should not be constantly menaced by it, and by similar movements. The beneficent separation of Church and State should not be left to the hazard of repeated local and minor conflicts. It should be secured once for all at the point where the experience of a century has shown the danger to lie. And this can be done only by a constitutional amendment.

Organized peril must be met by organized resistance. Precisely this is the object of the "National League for the Protection of American Institutions." It is completely non-sectarian and non-partisan. Its membership embraces many foremost citizens of all creeds. It procured the introduction into the last Congress, and will procure the reintroduction into this, of this proposed sixteenth amendment to the National Constitution:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;

[1] Since preaching this sermon, I have been asked several times, "What about the Bible in the public schools?" This was not mentioned because it is not just now an issue. But I would say, "Eliminate it." Partly because the reading of a few verses, often perfunctorily, is not greatly useful. But more because retention of the Protestant Bible gives just ground of complaint to Catholics. We must maintain the public schools; and to do so must free them from valid objections on the part of any class of citizens.

[1] Numerous such expressions of the strongest sort have reached me since this sermon was published in the Washington papers.

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or use its property, or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."[1]

Let this become a part of our organic law. Then denominational charities will flourish upon private beneficence. Then the Government will no longer maintain a partnership with churches, hazardous and demoralizing alike both to it and to them. Then our public schools will be safe, and the sacred fund that maintains them inviolable. Then we will have secured for ourselves and for our posterity the priceless blessings of a free Church in a free State.

The First Sin[2]

By Lyman Abbott

Whether the narrative assigned for our study to-day is history or literature; whether it is the accurate narration of a fact, or the language of imagination and to be interpreted through the imagination, is an important question which confronts us at the opening of our study. Traditional theology interprets it as history; modern theology, as literature. There is no question that, if we were to meet this story anywhere else than in the Bible, we should regard it as imaginative. I see no sufficient reason for regarding it otherwise than as imaginative here. The notion that all narratives in the Bible must be historic seems to me to be based on an erroneous assumption that God does not inspire the imagination, nor teach through the imagination; upon the notion that truth and fact are synonymous—whereas truth is much larger than fact, and is often best interpreted by that which is not fact. There is a truth of poetry, of music, of art, as well as of history. Holding the view respecting the authorship and origin of the Book of Genesis which I have put before the readers of The Outlook in its issue of December 30, 1893, I regard the story of the Fall as the use by an inspired prophet of legendary material current in his time, and the value of the story to consist, not in a historic revelation of the way in which sin entered in some far-away age into the world, but in a prophetic perception of the way in which sin enters daily into individual lives, and so continually enters into the world. So regarding the narrative, it is not necessary either to affirm or deny its historical character, nor to determine how much of it is history and how much imagination.

Innocence is freedom from sin; temptation is conflict with sin; virtue is victory over sin. The only possible pathway from innocence to virtue is through temptation; and wherever temptation exists, there is always a possibility of sin. The babe is innocent; the man is virtuous; he is virtuous because he has been tempted and has resisted the temptation. The Christ himself trod this pathway of temptation from innocence to virtue, and won the victory whose glory is undimmed by any defeat. There can be no virtue without temptation; that is, without the possibility of sin. If there were no appetite, there would be no virtue in temperance; if there were no animal passion, there would be no virtue in chastity; if there were no acquisitiveness, there would be no virtue in honesty; if there were no approbativeness luring to deceit, there would be no virtue in truth. Virtue is always a victory, and where there is a victory there is always a battle. Bearing these principles in mind, let us see how the story of Adam's Fall repeats itself in all our lives.

The child is born into the world innocent; he has no knowledge of good and evil; he has never chosen the evil, because the alternative has not been put before him; he has done no wrong, because he has done nothing. In this child are conscience, latent, but to be developed; power of knowing good and evil, dormant, but to be awakened. To this child comes law; it is interpreted by his father or his mother; his nature responds to this law; he begins to feel the sense of obligation; he knows that he ought to do the thing which he is commanded, that he ought not to do the thing which he is forbidden. Then begins the conflict within himself. Shall he obey the voice of conscience, or shall he follow the impulse of his nature? Two voices speak within him. One says, Thou shalt not; the other says, Try the experiment; do it a little; it can do no great harm. He yields to the lower impulse, is beguiled by the specious argument, watches to see what will be the consequence. What mother has not seen this process going on in her own babe—disobeying the mother's commandments; touching the things which she has told him not to touch, and looking up to see what consequences will ensue? Alas for the child whose mother tries to be more merciful than God, and suffers her child to disobey without feeling some immediate consequence of evil from the sin committed!

Then comes the next step. He who violates his own conscience is not content to be alone; he seeks companionship in his evil doings, and strives to pacify his conscience by the reflection that he is not alone, that he is no worse than his neighbors. To secure this evil peace he invites others to join him in his wrong-doing. The boy tempts another boy to play truant. The thief unites with other thieves, and instinctively tries to drag down others to his own level. The sensualist indulges not his appetite in solitude, but makes it an occasion of what he calls "good fellowship."

And so enter into life remorse and fear, which, like the avenging angels, dog our footsteps. We know that we have done wrong. We dread the rebuking presence of the pure. The truant boy fears his mother's eye, not because he fears her punishment, but because his sin has separated him from her. So the race dreads its God, its unknown future, and death, which brings man to both. Man is conscious of his shame, and seeks to hide himself from God, seeks to hide his shame from his fellow-men. In this is the secret of that fear which is the deep undertone of all religions, the remedy for which never can be thinking lightly of sin or imagining that God thinks lightly of it, but only in knowing that God is a physician who cures us when we wish to be cured, and whose punishments are medicinal, if we will but so accept them.

But we do not so accept them. We do not confess our sins and come to him for cure. We make excuses. We throw the responsibility off on some one else. Each man endeavors to put the burden of his wrong-doing on his fellow-man; or to charge it to the community; or to attribute it to his inheritance; or to set it to the account of Adam and total depravity; or even, with marvelous audacity, to make God responsible for it, by saying, "He has made me what I am." Then is the fall complete, when we say that we have no sin, and deceive ourselves, and make Him a liar.

And then we are driven out from our quiet resting-places into the wilderness, and, by the discipline of life, taught the evil of sin, which we could learn in no other way. The redemption of the race began when Adam and Eve were driven from the garden to the thorns and thistles. The redemption of the Prodigal Son began when hunger and nakedness made him miserable. The redemption of each individual begins when he begins to learn the lesson that sin and suffering are indissolubly connected, and that there is no way to peace except that of purity.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: January 8—No compromise (Matt. v., 29, 30, 17–22); January 9—A return to temptation (2 Pet. ii., 9–22); January 10—The reward of victory (Jas. i., 2–4, 12–16); January 11—Peter's temptation (Luke xxii., 54–62); January 12—Fight temptations with the Bible (Ps. xix., 7–14); January 13—Fight temptations with prayer (Matt. vi., 13; Heb. iv., 15–16); January 14—Topic: Our temptations and how to avoid them (Matt. iv., 1–11).

[1] I believe that this amendment should be so revised as to also forbid the Nation to do what it forbids the States to do. This for the protection of the District of Columbia and of the Territories.

[2] International Sunday-School Lesson for January 14, 1893.—Genesis iii., 1–15

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The Religious World

The Andover House

The Report of the Andover House of Boston for 1893 has just reached us, and makes fascinating reading. It has now been in operation two years. These have of necessity been years of experiment, for while Mr. Woods, the head of the House, has had large observation of such institutions, neither he nor his associates had had much experience, and none of them had had special opportunities for studying the locality in which they were working. This second report indicates great advance. The men in the Settlement have not been much before the public, but have been carefully at work studying the social condition of the city in which they are to labor. They have been making possible better work by churches and societies, because they have been giving to all workers a more accurate knowledge of the field. The Settlement has done an excellent work among the boys in one of the worst neighborhoods of Boston, and, after the example of Mansfield House, in East London, has won the sympathy of the workingmen's unions in such a way as to gain great influence with that class, so difficult to reach. It is not a charitable institution, and does not do very much in the distribution of alms. As we study the report, we should epitomize its doings as follows: Its first and best work, as we have already said, is its systematic study of the field, with a view to giving helpful advice to the poor and outcast and needed information to workers in churches and societies. We are inclined to think that in the end it will be found that next in importance is its affiliation with the workingmen. Nothing is more needed in our time than some means by which the educated and strong can come into vital touch with the poor and weak. The boys' clubs in all such work are always a most important feature, and they are being made much of by the Andover House. Poor boys are interested in historical studies, natural history, frugality, and in many other things which cannot fail to be a blessing both to themselves and to the community. In regard to religious work, the report says: "The Andover House, as such, does not attempt to do the work of a church, any more than it attempts to do the work of a charity board. To both of these kinds of work already organized in the district it gives its hearty sympathy and co-operation. The principle on which it is working is to help religious institutions already existing, rather than to start new ones. A religious service, however, is held on Sunday evenings at half-past eight, and consists largely of hymns, anthems, and appropriate readings, and some collects from the Prayer-Book. The work is entirely dependent on voluntary gifts for its support, and $3,500 is a very small sum for a year's work." In such a city as Boston, such an institution ought never to lack money. While we believe that the Andover House and kindred settlements are already doing great things for the cities in which they are located, we fully agree with the statement made in an editorial on this report in the Boston "Herald." It says: "What we need in this country is a much larger company of men and women who thoroughly understand social questions, and it is more important to secure the training of these individuals in the college settlements than to count up the actual work that they may accomplish in direct influence upon society."

Help for Worthy Poor

Most of our readers are well aware of the uprising of the people in all the great cities for the relief of the great numbers of those who are likely to suffer for food and shelter in the winter before us. When the subject was considered in the Presbytery of New York, at its December meeting, resolutions were presented by the Rev. John B. Devins, of Hope Chapel, and were adopted. The discussion in the Presbytery on the general subject led one who was present to remark that many of the Christians in New York believed more in preaching to disembodied spirits than in the service of those who are actually in need on the earth. The resolutions were as follows:

The Presbyterian Church has ever been the friend and counselor of the poor. The coming winter threatens to be an extremely trying one for thousands of families within the bounds of this Presbytery. Already suffering with scarcely a precedent is reported by those familiar with the facts. Owing largely to causes beyond their control, workmen receive greatly reduced wages, or are unable to secure any employment. A large number, hitherto independent, are now in need of immediate assistance. The Church should provide for those in distress, so far as possible; therefore

Resolved, (1) That the Presbytery appoint a committee of seven, to whom the subject of relief for the suffering poor in our city shall be referred.

Resolved, (2) That, owing to the pressing needs of those sought to be benefited by this action, the report of this committee be made the first order for the January meeting.

In the course of the discussion the following suggestions were presented, but not adopted. We think they are worthy of much more serious attention than they seem to have received:

(1) Immediate aid to those known by investigation to be worthy, who have failed to get relief elsewhere, and are unable to work; (2) employment for all for whom work can be secured, to keep them from pauperism; (3) the raising of money to pay for special work—for $1,000 a week the East Side Relief Work Committee will employ in that time 150 men recommended by the church or individuals sending the money, if that is requested; (4) a scientific study of the labor problem—a knowledge of the facts will lead to permanent relief; (5) establish a workingman's loan association on the plan of the one in Boston, which, after paying all expenses, loss by frauds, etc., pays a dividend of six per cent. upon the $120,000 capital invested—the poor should be shielded from the pawnbrokers; (6) as the remedy sought should be permanent and not temporary, a fund of $1,000,000 might be raised to buy unsafe and unhealthy tenement-houses, and erect in their stead model tenements similar to the Peabody houses in London, the A. T. White houses in Brooklyn, and the Cutting houses in this city. This would furnish employment for hundreds of workmen this winter, and furnish proper homes for them next year, and return a profit to the investors of at least six per cent.

It seems to us altogether unworthy, in times like these, for Christian churches to raise the question whether they have duties to those outside their own membership. Roman Catholics and heretics, Jews and Greeks, are alike men. If we remember correctly, the good Bishop in "Les Misérables" is described as never asking whether a man had a name, but whether he had a need. The Church should lead in ministering to all the needs of man, and it never had a nobler opportunity in this country than at the present time.

The Week of Prayer

The Evangelical Alliance has issued its annual list of subjects for the Week of Prayer, which this year comes January 7–14. The observance of this week is by no means so general as a few years ago. Many reasons have operated to bring it into disuse. It comes at a very unfortunate time for all except those living in country districts. There is a growing tendency to substitute for the week following the first Sunday in January either the first or the last week in Lent. At that time the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal Churches practically co-operate, society demands are almost unheard, and the majority of the people are in a condition in which it is possible to reach them. We believe that the Evangelical Alliance would be doing the churches a real service by taking the lead in making the change which many individual churches have already made. We give the general topics for the week according to the programme of the Alliance:

Sunday, January 7.—Sermons. Pentecostal Power. Acts ii., 1–4.
Monday, January 8.—Humiliation and Thanksgiving.
Tuesday, January 9.—The Church Universal.
Wednesday, January 10.—Nations and their Rulers.
Thursday, January 11.—Foreign Missions.
Friday, January 12.—Home Missions.
Saturday, January 13.—The Family.
Sunday, January 14.—Sermons. The Second Coming of Our Lord. Rev. xxii., 12.

A Great Presbyterian Building

Plans have been formulated and are now made public for the erection of a great building on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York, which will be the home of the various missionary agencies of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. It will probably be known as the Presbyterian Mission House. This great building, which will be eleven stories high and will cost about $1,000,000, is made possible by the munificent gift of Mrs. Robert L. Stewart, who died about two years ago, leaving nearly a million dollars to be used as a permanent fund by the mission boards of the Church. It was her wish that such a building should be erected, although she did not stipulate that the money which she left should be used in that way. The Building Committee consists of John S. Kennedy, John Crosby Brown, Alexander Maitland, and Mr. Meigs, of Dodge, Meigs & Co. It may seem to some as if this were an unwise use of so large a sum of money, but when it is remembered that it will save all outgo for rent and be a source of large income for the cause of missions, it will be recognized,

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we think, that no wiser investment could be made. Great buildings of that kind, well located, yield an enormous income, and we doubt if men of wealth could help the cause of missions in any way better than by giving such buildings, free of incumbrance, whose income could always be depended upon. It would at least prevent the serious deficiencies and the terrible retrenchments which are experienced in almost every time of great financial disturbance. The Presbyterian Mission House has heretofore been in the old Lenox home, at No. 53 Fifth Avenue. The new building will probably be started in May and completed as soon as circumstances will permit. It will be an ornament to the city and a blessing to the Church.

Aggressive Methodism Such is the title of a monthly periodical published in New York and devoted to city evangelization, with, of course, special reference to the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We confess that we do not like the name. Something seems to us wrong when any denominational name is given the first place. Of course we do not mean to criticise the spirit or the contents of this admirable little paper when we speak thus concerning its name. It shows that the Methodist Episcopal Church is thoroughly alive to the problems of the hour. One of the most important if not the most important utterance in this number is an address to the Methodist Episcopal churches in the cities of the United States. It was written by Dr. George P. Mains, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was adopted by the City Evangelization Union in Cincinnati, to be sent forth to the general Church. It begins with a clear recognition of the importance of the city in the life of our time, and then considers the specific question of the cities, showing that in the last forty years they have grown sixfold absolutely, and relatively to the entire population of the country more than twofold. In the meantime the principal Protestant denominations in the cities have fallen behind the growth of the cities relatively thirty-seven per cent. In 128 cities the Methodist Church has twenty-seven communicants to every one thousand of the people; in the entire country outside it has about thirty-eight communicants to every one thousand inhabitants. To the question, What is the duty of Methodism? the answer is: First, it should unite in every city all its forces for the spiritual conquest of that city. Every large city ought to have an "institutional church," conducted and supported by the united strength of the denomination in the city. Secondly, more than organization and institutional churches, there is needed an army of Christlike workers. The whole address, while containing nothing strikingly new or making any contribution to the literature of the subject, is a bugle-call to the members of the Methodist communion to realize their responsibility for the evangelization of our cities. We never read such an article as this without feeling how much more is required before success may be expected to crown the efforts of Christian workers. Not only must the Methodist division move together, but the whole Church of Christ, united as one army, must advance like the Macedonian phalanx, before victory may be expected. We are very slowly but surely coming to understand that the cry for the reunion of Christendom is one that is born out of the terrible emergencies in which the Christian Church finds itself in its contest with the great world-powers.

Methodism on the Pacific Coast The Rev. C. H. Payne, D.D., contributes an interesting article to the "Christian Advocate" of December 7 on this subject. He tells of heroic ministers on the Pacific Coast receiving salaries of less than $100 a year; of a Presiding Elder's district in Montana stretching along the Northern Pacific Railroad five hundred miles, and back from it from seventy-five to one hundred miles in either direction. In speaking of the wine-growing industry in California he says that careful inquiries have convinced him that the Methodist people, both in the ministry and the laity, have kept themselves free financially and socially from this demoralizing business. He says that the colossal fortunes of the Pacific coast are few of them in the hands of Methodists. He speaks a word which ought to be heeded concerning the multiplication of colleges and universities and the incurring of debts for the same, and testifies that the policy of unification and concentration is being heartily approved by the Conferences and managing Boards. The California Conference, with entire unanimity, voted that the trustees of its two colleges and one incipient school of theology should unite in one Board, holding and managing all educational property and interests as a unit. The article closes with these words: "The other Conferences and localities have also commenced the much-needed work of concentration, feeling that thus only can they compete with the richly endowed institutions surrounding them and hold and mold the youth of our own Church. There is a great future for the Pacific slope, and Methodism is there to lay broad foundations and rear her noble structures for coming generations."

Methodist Bishops in England The Wesleyan Church in England corresponds to the Methodist Episcopal in the United States, but the former is not organized altogether as is the latter. In England there are no bishops. The conference is presided over by a president, who is elected for a definite term. The American plan, however, seems to be better adapted for the peculiar work which the Methodists do than the English plan, and there are signs of the evolution of an episcopate among the English Methodists. The most prominent advocates of the scheme are Dr. Rigg and Hugh Price Hughes. It is suggested that the thirty-five districts existing at present should be grouped into thirteen sections, each of them containing two or more districts. Each group is to be under the chairmanship of one minister, who will be responsible for the administration of all the ecclesiastical affairs, and who will be free from all other work. "He is to preside over the synods in turn; to visit every home mission, independent circuit, and solitary station within his section; and also to attend the quarterly meetings of each circuit at least twice a year. The thirteen Chairmen, along with the Foreign Missionary Secretary, the Home Missionary Secretary, and the President and Secretary of Conference, would act as a stationing committee." Whether this plan, which is only for bishops in embryo, will be adopted of course we cannot say; but that there are advantages in having some one whose especial duty it is to superintend the general work is beyond dispute. If as much is done as is proposed, the next step will be the full-fledged bishop, and then will come the question of the powers which shall be given to him. It seems to us, at this distance, as if the Wesleyans in England were reaching after a stronger organization than they now possess, and are likely very soon to have their Church organized very closely on the model of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The growth of the desire for the episcopate is especially interesting in view of the discussion of the subject in its relations to Christian union. Professor Shields goes so far as to say that the organic union of Christendom is impossible except on the basis of the Historic Episcopate. The Wesleyans of England do not propose to seek the Historic Episcopate, but rather one like that of the Methodists in this country, which Episcopalians and Roman Catholics do not regard as "regular."

Gleanings

—Bishop Daniel Alexander Payne, who died recently at Wilberforce, Ohio, was the oldest Bishop the Methodist Church has ever had, either in age or in length of service. He was born in Charleston, S. C, February 24, 1811.

—The Secretaries of the American Board have received a short letter from Mr. William H. Noyes, dated at Maebashi, in the province of Joshu, Japan, December 3, saying that he had received the letter from the Rev. Dr. Strong, the Clerk of the Prudential Committee of the Board, tendering him an appointment under the Board by vote of the Committee. He briefly and formally accepts the appointment, and closes with the hope that he may be proved worthy of the work to which he has been called.

—The Rev. C. H. Wheeler, D.D., the founder and first President of Euphrates College, located at Harpoot, Turkey, has recently resigned, owing to age and poor health, and the Rev. James L. Barton, for eight years a missionary of the American Board, has been appointed his successor. This College has a corps of five American and twenty-six native professors and teachers. There are about 600 students in attendance in all departments. Seventeen graduated from the College proper this year, and twelve

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from the Theological Seminary. The College has never been able to meet the demand made upon it for Christian teachers, preachers, and leaders.

—A cable dispatch from London says: "The Indian mails announce the death of Charlotte Tucker, known all over the world under the initials of 'A. L. O. E.' (A Lady of England). For the last eighteen years Mrs. Tucker has been engaged in missionary work in India, where the proceeds of her pen have been used to benefit the missions; and it is understood that all money earned by her works after death is also to be placed at the disposal of the Indian missions. She was the author of more than fifty volumes, chiefly juvenile or religious, which had an immense circulation."

—The Rev. Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely, died last week. He was born in 1808, became university preacher at Cambridge in 1838, and from 1861 to 1865 was a lecturer in the University. From 1863 to 1869 he was Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. In the last-named year he was appointed Dean of Ely. He was author of "The Fall of the Roman Republic" (1853), "The History of the Romans under the Empire" (1850–62), "The Conversion of the Roman Empire" (1864), "The Conversion of the Northern Nations" (1865), and of "A General History of Rome" (1875). He also published a translation of the "Iliad" in rhymed verse in 1869.

—Those interested—and who is not?—in the McAll Mission of Paris will be glad to note that on Monday, January 15, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a public meeting in the parlors of the Madison Square Church, to listen to an address by M. Grieg. This meeting will be preceded by an informal reception at 2:30, when all present may have an opportunity of meeting the French evangelist, who, at the request of the American supporters of the McAll Mission, is coming across the water in order that he may spend some weeks in developing closer relations with his constituency here, and give them the benefit of his personal knowledge and conduct of the great religious endeavor in Paris.

—The offices of the International Christian Workers' Association and the Bureau of Supplies for Christian Workers in the Blair Building, New Haven, Conn., were destroyed by fire in the early hours of the morning of Friday, December 15. The reports and plates of the Conventions of Christian Workers were totally destroyed, as also a large supply of tracts, a valuable printing-office and office furniture. About six hundred "King's Business," Report of the Christian Workers' Convention held in Tremont Temple, Boston, November, 1892, were saved through being stored in another building. Total loss was about $8,000; insurance, $5,000. We are informed by the Rev. John C. Collins, the Secretary, that the Managing Committee will doubtless decide to reprint most if not all the reports and to replace at an early date the supplies of tracts and other materials in the Bureau of Supplies.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Lyman E. Davis has resigned the pastorate of the Clinton Avenue Church, Albany, N. Y.

—H. E. Barnes was installed, on December 20, as pastor of the church in North Andover, Mass.

—Richard Swain has received a call from the church in South Hadley Falls, Mass.

—J. A. Cole has resigned the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Hammond, Ind.

—C. D. Crane accepts a call from the church in Machias, Me.

—J. R. Barnes accepts a call to Iberia, Mo.

—Samuel Manning, of Bridgewater, N. Y., has resigned.

—F. J. Fairbanks was recently installed as pastor of the church in Royalston, Mass.

—W. E. Brooks accepts a call from Muscatine, Ia.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Charles D. Barrows, of Oswego, N. Y., has received a call from the First Church of Corning.

—W. E. Donaldson, of Allegheny, Pa., accepts a call from First Church of Toledo, O.

—George S. Webster was installed as pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York City, on January 2.

—Harry Nyce, of Kingston, Ind., has received a call from the church in Peru.

—W. E. Loucks accepts a call from the Wissahickon Church of Philadelphia, Pa.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. D. Easter accepts the rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), Redlands, Cal.

—C. H. Babcock has resigned the rectorship of Grace Church (P. E.), Providence, R. I.

—Walker Gwynne accepts the rectorship of Calvary Church (P. E.), Summit, N. J.

—W. J. Potter, of New Bedford, R. I., a Unitarian minister, died suddenly in Boston on December 22.

—Donald Fraser has resigned the pastorate of the Universalist church at North Anson, Me.

—C. H. Caton has received a call from the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church of Baltimore, Md.

Books and Authors

Some Puritan Love-Letters[1]

Perhaps the penny post is, in a measure, to blame. Man rarely appreciates privileges for which he does not pay. For letters which are to be so light a tax on the pocket, it seems unreasonable to tax the brain. But the decay of letter-writing may be more directly traced to a grievous decay of delicacy in this generation. To-day, rushed out from our greedy presses, come published letters which the reader glances through with the sort of shame that he might properly feel if looking over the unconscious writer's shoulder.

If the reader with nothing at stake is thus moved to protest, it is not difficult to imagine the effect of such collections on the man or woman of note who sees the tenderest secrets of some colleague's heart thus pinned upon the sleeve of his yet unmoldered shroud for daws to pick at.

An inevitable result has followed in holocausts of invaluable documents, and pens so cautiously set to paper that posterity will forfeit the heritage which this generation has abused. Yet there is nothing to take the place of these lost letters. The press that has helped to destroy them strives to make amends by repeated "interviews." This is the best the public can get, and, in its way, it is good; but, Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory has departed! The more grateful are we, therefore, for what is rescued to us of a past régime.

Among these autumn leaves come fluttering in "Some Old Puritan Love-Letters." The writers, Governor John Winthrop, and Margaret, his wife, are too long ago dead and gone to resent publication, and, looking through these relics, once more we are forced to acknowledge, sighing, that nothing can take their place. Where else could we find Puritanism disavowing the Puritanic in every line? John Winthrop, the Governor, "interviewed," would have stood as stiff a Puritan as he supposed himself; but here, in his letters to his wife opening, "My Love, My Joy, My Faithful One," or "Mine Owne Deare Heart," we find John Winthrop himself, as God knew him, and as posterity has the right to know him.

The Puritans have not been very justly dealt with as to their real personalities. The mere term conjures up a people stern, staid, self-contained and self-centered, as the mold on which they strove to form themselves, and, happily, failed.

The passion of Puritanism was as abiding and unconquerable as is the passion of to-day. To this generation, which is pleased to consider itself more inflammable, comes a refutation bound in cool gray linen, with quiet gold letters, and a domestic spinning-wheel humming in one corner.

Within we find the heart of a Puritan beating and burning and speaking after the manner of hearts from generation to generation. It may even occur to us that a lover of to-day would think twice before calling to his aid portions from the Song of Solomon, however wisely selected; and we are to remember also that Margaret, as a third wife, was the recipient of what has been called "warmed-over affections." Of this triple warming there is in the letters no sign.

Mr. Twichell, who edits the correspondence, speaks in his preface, wittily, if a little unjustly, of the *two* "elaborate ante-nuptial efforts" from Winthrop's pen. Of the first love-letter, a stronger term might perhaps have been used. In it John Winthrop is on his mettle to support his character as a stern follower of his creed.

Referring to the opposition of Margaret's friends to her marriage with him because they regarded it unequal from a worldly point of view, he quotes, as examples for his sweetheart's feet to follow, a string of Scriptural instances where the rigorous life was chosen above the easy.

"The first worke in His service is to denye y^or^self," says this extraordinary love-letter. "Take no thought of

[1] *Some Old Puritan Love-Letters. John and Margaret Winthrop, 1618–1638.* Edited by Joseph Hopkins Twichell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

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what you shall eate," it goes on. "If God so clothe the grasse, &c., will he not clothe you?" Not the most reassuring words to be written on the eve of marriage! The writer further reminds his bride that he "may die verye soone, and then thy maintenance for a while may be somewhat lesse than convenient; but," he adds encouragingly, "it is more likely that I may live."

This fittingly termed "effort" is the sheerest posing throughout, though in all good faith.

The second love-letter might have been written by another man, so different is it in tone. "Grace, mercie and peace &c.," stand as greeting at the head of the page and permeate the lines below.

If the Puritan in John Winthrop reminds her to whom he is "husband by promise" that he would have her avoid the vanity of personal adornment, the man and lover confesses that he writes for this reason: "When I am present wth thee, my speeche is prejudiced by thy presence w^{ch} draws my minde from itselfe."

The letters from Margaret to her husband are somewhat less interesting, but, in their way, no less characteristic of the writer and of the times in which she wrote. Mentioning a contemplated journey of a few miles, she ventures: "Thou seest how bold I am to take leave to goe abroad in thy absence, but I presume upon thy love and concent or elce I wo'lde not doe it."

These unemancipated words, and the repeated signature, "Your faythful and obedient wife," mark a period in the history of woman which might almost serve to date the hasty letters—a formality which Margaret herself usually omitted, despite her husband's gentle reference to her "sweet letters (wthout date)."

Sweet letters they are—simple, wifely, and tender. In one she strives to set forth the groundwork of this affection: "I have many reasons to make me love thee," she explains, "whereof I will name two, first because thou lovest God and secondly because that thou lovest me."

If the wife's letters seem to strike a less deep note of passion, perhaps it is because love and household questions mingle line by line. Between talk of little Sam's illness and weaning and the "sonnes at sea" she pities her husband's hurt hand, telling him: "If I had it here, I would make more of it than ever I did and bynde it up very softly for fear of hurting it."

In another and very beautiful letter to her "very lovinge Husband," the story of her devotion, which "doeth much increce—for love liveth by love," jostles the history of "Sister Dawninge's pudding;" and Margaret's profound grief at the nearing separation from her husband, which to dwell on makes her so "full of passion" that "she is not able to right much," cannot breed forgetfulness that there are due to "Sister D. thanks for linnens." The parting referred to is the sailing of John Winthrop, then Governor, when he bade his wife farewell "for a Summer's daye and a Winter's daye."

In the letters preceding the trial of this parting, the religious spirit previously shown in discourses often far afield has mellowed into a very staff in the hand of John Winthrop, and is by him tenderly held out to his wife for her support.

Perhaps the most touching revelation to be gathered from the letters is that, by fixed agreement, on "Mondays and Fridays at five of the clock at night," the husband and wife arose, one in the old country, one in the new, to kneel in mutual prayer that their spirits might enjoy a communion which distance denied to them. Is this the stern Puritan kissing his wife with a six days' limit?

Indeed, save in the remarkable first letter, there is little trace of the harshness of Puritanism. Margaret is truly Winthrop's "obedient wife," but he is as truly "thine, as his own." Could anything be more charmingly tell-tale than this gay postscript to one of his letters: "Thou must be my valentine, f^{r} none other hath challenged me"? What had the Governor Winthrop we know in history to do with valentines? No, there is nothing to replace them, these lost letters. To the next generation, the Governor Winthrops and the Margarets, their wives, shall be as sealed books, save for the small portions of personality that trickle through tradition. Let us, then, cherish what remains to us, and among them set in an honored corner of our book-shelves "Some Old Puritan Love-Letters."

Phillips Brooks's Letters[1]

The familiar letters, like the familiar conversation, of any man afford a test of his character. To a certain extent, every public man draws from the public what he gives back to it. His ideas may be his own, but the pathos, the emotion, the imagination—what, in a word, we may designate as the life—may be derived from the public to whom he is addressing himself. This is often true of the orator, who is, as we say, inspired by the occasion; it is also true of that author whose pen shapes comely or inspiring sentences only when he is stirred by the sense of a public who are waiting on his words. A great many of the admirers of George Eliot experienced a shock of disappointment when her familiar home letters were given to the public—so little sparkle of genius was there in them, so prosaic and commonplace were they. But when a great man is as great in his own home as on the platform, and in his letters as in his books, the fact indicates resources within himself not supplied by his auditors. Those who have read the letters of Phillips Brooks to the children, which were published in the "Century Magazine," will be eager to see this volume of "Letters of Travel" written to his father, his mother, and his brother, as well as to his nephews and nieces. Those who remember Phillips Brooks in conversation will not be surprised to find the same spontaneity, the same warm, vital sympathy, and the same evidence of quick and appreciating perception. The cynical saying that "no man is a hero to his own valet" is not true. The real hero is most of all heroic to those who know him best; if not to his valet, it is only because his valet is stupid. We have always regretted that Phillips Brooks confined himself so exclusively to preaching. That he might have achieved results as remarkable in literature as those which he achieved in the pulpit we have no doubt; and this belief is confirmed by these letters, which have all the charm of spontaneous genius. These letters at least indicate the possession of powers which he never employed in the pulpit, and rarely in any public utterance, and we owe a debt of gratitude to the family who have consented thus to open the door and let us in to sit by Phillips Brooks's side and hear him talk in familiar conversation when there is the inspiration neither of a great audience nor of a great theme to arouse him.

God and the World[2]

With Dr. Orr, we regret that we have not in the English language some word which connotes the same as the German *Weltanschauung*, for that is what is here meant by "View of God and the World." But *Weltanschauung* means also much more, or, rather, much that is different, which we can hardly explain in few words. Dr. Orr's treatment of his subject makes the matter sufficiently clear, even if his title remains vague and clumsy. More and more it is noticeable that the Christocentric view of theology is absorbing the attention of religious thought. Whether this trend be toward mysticism or toward humanitarianism remains for the evolution of theology to show. Already the following of Ritschl is dividing into two streams, and we observe with satisfaction that Dr. Orr does more justice to Herrmann and Kaftan and their tendency than did Stählin. Yet it does not seem clear to us that our author grasps the idea that the purpose of the Incarnation was ethical, not merely in a formal way, but in the realization of personality, whereby the life and character of Jesus were to reorganize mankind by permeating humanity in all its activities and interests. If there

[1] *Letters of Travel by Phillips Brooks.* E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

[2] *The Christian View of God and the World as Centering in the Incarnation: Being the Kerr Lectures for 1890-91.* By James Orr, D.D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

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be a defect in these lectures, it is the almost exclusive theological standing-point from which the writer contemplates the *Weltanschauung*. While admitting the Divine omnipresence, immanence if you will, he entirely fails to see that the world is thereby sanctified and spiritualized; that the forces of the world thus become factors in God's outworking. This is the true link between theology and sociology, and, until writers on religion find it, they are, to men of the world, like spirits speaking in another sphere, and their voices sound thin, as in dreams.

Dr. Orr has made himself acquainted with Baur, Rothe, Beyschlag, Ritschl, Harnack, Pfleiderer, and the other more influential factors of the theological world of modern Germany. We know of no recent work which contains so well digested a treatment of their views; but Dr. Orr seems to us in this again to hold too exclusively the attitude of a theologian. We are, however, sure that there are many who will for this very reason value the book all the more. Speaking, then, to theological readers, we would say that the work is at once systematic and apologetic: the first because it seeks to give a complete scheme of Christian doctrine, with the Incarnation of God in Christ as the center; and the second because, point by point, it compares with its statement of Christian truth the corresponding theories of other systems which have proposed to supplant the orthodox dogma. While not always sympathetic, or possessing an insight into the purposes of rationalism, Dr. Orr's intent is manifestly fair, but his temper is reactionary. Even the traditional theology was at one time new and fresh and rational. Perhaps inspiration and truth and authority did not stop with Athanasius, Augustine, Calvin, Luther, Cranmer, or Vitringa. We do not criticise the author for making a system, but we would bid his readers to bear in mind that the system is the writer's subjective form of apprehension and of presentation. The publisher presents this volume in a form attractive to a degree unusual in theological books. In order to give an idea of the nature and scope of this book, we add the headings or titles of the lectures: I., The Christian View of the World in General; II., The Christian View and its Alternatives; III., The Theistic Postulates of the Christian View; IV., The Postulate of the Christian View in Regard to Nature and Man; V., The Postulate of the Christian View in Regard to the Sin and Disorder of the World; VI., The Central Assertion of the Christian View, The Incarnation of God in Christ; VII., Higher Concept of God Involved in the Incarnation, The Incarnation and the Plan of the World; VIII., The Incarnation and the Redemption from Sin; IX., The Incarnation and Human Destiny.

A Colony of Mercy; or, Social Christianity at Work. By Julie Sutter. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) This volume contains so much that is beautiful that we regret that we cannot call it a beautiful book. The author describes with warm sympathy the home for epileptics conducted by Pastor von Bodelschwingh in the province of Westphalia, in Germany. This colony, though under royal patronage, was established and is still conducted in a beautiful spirit of piety—a spirit extending, according to our author, to the peasant people in the country round about, who furnish it with a large part of its support, both in the way of material supplies and of unpaid workers. It is an institution in which Protestant men and women do the same kind of work for the same reward as do the Sisters of Charity in the Catholic hospitals. It is a labor colony that is established for epileptics, because their mental condition is such that they cannot keep regular employment under private employers, and yet they are in need of regular work in order to keep their malady from fast dragging them down to idiocy and death. The Westphalian Colony keeps all its patients, except those who are hopelessly broken down, at work, and by this work reduces to marvelously little the contributions needed from the outside world. Together with physical work for their bodies there is a loving care for their souls, which has been the occasion of spiritual experiences among these mentally clouded patients which indicate that the last light to be darkened is that which lighteth every man that comes into the world. All this is told with such a clear perception of what is fine in it that, if the publisher would reduce the volume to one-half its size, it would be a veritable idyl of practical Christianity. But the author has injured her book by writing too much—by saying too much in praise of this colony in Germany, by saying too much in condemnation of like colonies in England, and by giving at too great length her own views regarding irrelevant social reforms. The sense of how strong her prejudices are grows upon one as he reads, and especially as he reads the concluding chapter. There are minds, and not dishonest ones, which see all things in the hues with which their own imaginations invest them. If their prejudices are in favor of what they describe, the white light of truth is refracted into all the colors of the rainbow. If their prejudices are against what they describe, no bright coloring is traceable, and only the dull and distorted reflection of its outlines appears. Miss Sutter has evidently this type of mind, and the evidence of this gives an air of unreality to her description of the beautiful work carried on in the Colony of Mercy.

Outlines of Economics, by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. (Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.), is admirably adapted for its purpose. It has been prepared specially for Chautauqua students, but would, in our judgment, be useful both as a general text-book for schools and colleges and as a treatise for the information of the non-scholastic reader. The character of the book is well indicated by its title. It begins with the economic life of uncivilized man, and treats the history of the growth of economics down to our own times. It then takes up the subject from a scientific point of view, and discusses it under different topics, as production, medium of exchange, distribution, consumption, etc. Considerable space is given to a discussion of what the author calls public economics, or what is sometimes, though vaguely, if not erroneously, called socialism. For such a work as this, Professor Ely has some very distinct advantages. He is a thorough scholar and has a true scholar's temper, investigating all economic questions with comparative freedom from prejudice, and with a sincere and earnest desire to get at the facts and the teaching of those facts, whatever their bearing may be upon economic theories. He believes in the inductive philosophy, and, instead of formulating his theory in the study and giving it forth, thus treating economics as though it were an abstract science, has devoted much time and painstaking thought to the study of the actual phenomena of modern life, and an endeavor to learn their significance. It is probably quite safe to say that no living teacher has done more than he to get at the facts respecting modern industrial organizations, and at the sentiments and feelings of modern workingmen—and their sentiments and feelings have a large share in determining the question, Under what conditions of life can production be made most effective and distribution most just? He is a Christian man, believes that Christianity is a social as well as an individual religion, that love is the solvent of life's troubles, and that the spirit which Christianity teaches is to be applied in the study and to the solution of industrial and social problems. Finally, he is a master of a clear and lucid English, and makes intelligible and even interesting to the unscientific reader what has been termed, not without reason, "the dismal science."

A delightful ancillary appendage to the reading of Ruskin is Dr. Waldstein's study of *The Works of John Ruskin*. It was to be expected that such a man treating such a subject would produce a book which should happily combine sympathetic insight and sound criticism. His matter is as good as his manner, and is well ordered, Ruskin being considered, first, as a writer on art; secondly, as the founder of the phenomenology of nature; thirdly, as a prose poet; fourthly, as an aggressive writer on social, political, and economic questions; and, finally, as to the influence of his work and life. Dr. Waldstein clearly draws the distinction between the art-appreciativeness of the middle classes in England and in Germany, and then proceeds to show how Ruskin lifted the popular taste out of the tawdriness and joylessness of fifty years ago. Besides this general art instruction, his special labors taught those who cared only for portraits or *genre* pictures that landscapes are of equal worth—a notion which at that time had not entered the Briton's head. Of course Turner became the concrete example. When he comes to the domain of the ethical and practical, however, the author of "Fors Clavigera," already too authoritative and self-conscious, has clouded his writings by a predominance of theoretical tissue. He must, nevertheless, always be recognized as an innovator of exalted rank, since he, together with Mill and Maurice, were among the first who brought ethics and economy into one sphere. In bringing the higher fruits of culture to men, Dr. Waldstein has done well in placing alongside Ruskin's name that of Matthew Arnold. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The *Divinity of Jesus Christ*, by the author of "Progressive Orthodoxy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is a very excellent book to put into the hands of one who desires to know what is the modern faith of the Evangelical Church in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and what are the grounds of that faith. We say of the modern Church, although the book is largely historical,

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and deals with the faith of the primitive and early Church, and with the testimony of the Gospels to the self-consciousness of Jesus as well as with the philosophic aspects of the theme. The philosophy which underlies the book is Hegelian. It treats the divinity of Jesus Christ as divinity in a true human personality: possible, because truth and righteousness are in man; necessary, if God is to make any true revelation of himself to humanity, because all revelation in nature and in sinful humanity is incomplete, imperfect, and, in some sense, false. We recall no modern treatise on the Incarnation more satisfactory in its scope and spirit than this, though there are several larger and, in some sense, more pretentious ones.

The author of *Twenty Years at Sea*, Mr. Frederic Stanhope Hill, has had a life of varied experiences, has gone through some really remarkable adventures, and tells his story with spirit and capital effect. He made his first voyage as a boy, and had command of a ship before he was twenty-one. Passing from the merchant service to the navy, he rose in time to the rank of commander, and served with great credit during the last war. In the latter half of this book he records some extremely interesting incidents of war-times, including a few of decided historical importance, particularly those relating to the blockade of the Mississippi, the passage of the forts, and the fights at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Mobile Bay. In the earlier pages of the book Mr. Hill confessedly romances a little, but in the main his description of old-time voyages, of sailors' customs, of foreign ways, and of personal adventures is accurate. It is certainly thoroughly readable throughout. Boys will like the book immensely, though it is not intended exclusively for them. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The book on *Sir Joshua Reynolds* by Mr. Claude Phillips is one of the most considerable contributions to the art-history literature of this season, already enriched by Michel's "Rembrandt." Mr. Phillips's treatment has the great merit, not only of being entertaining, but of being restricted in length. The reader is not wearied by a plethora of detail. It might be urged that the book could still be abridged without material injury. There are, nevertheless, many episodes therein concerning which there is by no means too much comment. These are Sir Joshua's relations with Angelica Kauffmann, with the foundation of the Royal Academy (whose first President he was), with Johnson and Goldsmith, with Benjamin West, Gainsborough, and Romney; above all, with the painter's own comment on contemporary art, and on his journeys to Flanders and Italy. While we believe that every element in his environment influenced Sir Joshua for good, underneath all lay a native serenity and individuality which breathes in his now classic canvases. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Burckhardt's studies in Italian art and culture were long since published in almost guide-book terseness and convenience. It is a pleasure to note that for English readers that notable work, *The Renaissance in Italy*, by the late John Addington Symonds, has appeared in an abridged edition, edited by Mr. Symonds's friend, Colonel Pearson. To those who have not the time to take up the larger work as students, this shorter form is earnestly to be commended. We find in it little of the crudity which might be anticipated. To be sure, those who know well the ample volumes may grieve to find omitted in this abridgment much of the expansiveness on particular periods, but to the mass of non-students, who have not read "The Renaissance," "The Age of the Despots," etc., this book will be most welcome. Such readers have now no longer the excuse of many volumes to deter them from knowing a writer who, more than most, has familiarized us with the making and mellowing of Florence, the real Renaissance in Italy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Temperance Movement and its Workers. By P. T. Winskill. (Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow, and New York. 3 Vols.) Mr. Winskill has put into these volumes the best work of a lifetime. He has not merely compiled an encyclopædia of the temperance movement; he has written one. Every biography—and there are hundreds if not thousands of them—bears the mark of personal, interested work. Gradgrind subordinates have been employed little if at all. Most of the biographies are exceptionally interesting. The author is fond of anecdotes, and tells good ones even where they have no relation to the temperance work of the man whose character he is bringing out. The volumes are profusely and admirably illustrated with portraits of the more distinguished fighters for temperance during the century's successful crusade. Those who are interested in the history of temperance work and the lives of temperance workers cannot secure anything else which will take the place of these volumes.

Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Thomas Chalmers (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) gives very admirably, in a small compass, the life of this extraordinary man. The reader will get from it, better perhaps than from some larger biographies, an impression of that unrestrained and sometimes ill-regulated forcefulness which constitute one of the chief elements of Dr. Chalmers's power. Just now the account of his method of treating the problem of poverty is both interesting and instructive.

Literary Notes

—Mr. LeGallienne's "Religion of a Literary Man" has just appeared in England.

—Mr. Boughton will be the illustrator of the Macmillan edition of Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."

—Colonel Higginson has nearly completed the manuscript of his "Military and Naval History of Massachusetts."

—The Duke of Buccleuch has lent some valuable miniatures to illustrate Lord Wolseley's forthcoming "Life of Marlborough."

—Mr. Bentley, the London publisher, has purchased and will print nearly a hundred letters from Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble.

—It is reported that the present Lord Tennyson will not be ready to publish the biography which he has written of his great father before next autumn.

—Dr. Tyler's "History of Amherst College" ends with 1871, when a half-century was completed. The author is now actively engaged on a continuation of his work.

—The outlay to date on "The Standard Dictionary," published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, has, the publishers state, been nearly $500,000, the editors and specialists employed numbering nearly two hundred and fifty. The first volume is now ready.

—The "Athenæum" says that the first supplement to Mr. Sonnenschein's bibliography of current literature, "The Best Books," will be published early in 1894. It will comprise the more important literature of the years 1890–3, classified into sections, subsections, and paragraphs.

—A type facsimile of the first edition of Matthew Arnold's earliest piece of verse, the prize-poem entitled "Alaric at Rome," is about to appear. This new edition is private and will be limited to thirty copies. Of the original edition only four copies are known to exist, and the poem has never been reprinted.

—According to the "Bookman," it seems that one of the titled gentlemen who edit Mr. Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine" once made the astounding request of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich that there be contributed to the English periodical "a *sonnet* of a page and a half *Harper* size!" Mr. Aldrich prepared several answers which were not sent, but which, it is said, will be incorporated into his autobiography.

—Very rare books, now in a double sense, are Professor Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps" (1860) and his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871). For several years the author was unable to obtain a copy of the former. "I am told by a friend," he wrote to a certain bookseller, "that you have two copies of my book. The price is high, and this is in a way very gratifying to the author. And as, unfortunately, I have no copy myself, I shall be glad if you will send the books to me at the price named."

—Mr. William Hamilton Gibson, the artist, who is also a charming writer and talker, is to give a series of three lectures for children at the Manhattan Athletic Club Theater, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, in this city, on the afternoons of January 6, 10, and 13, at three o'clock, on "The Mysteries of Flowers." The lectures will take the form of familiar talks, with colored illustrations, and will be delivered for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association. Course tickets, $2 each, may be obtained at the Athletic Club Theater, or at Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third Street.

Books Received

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK

Paul, Kenneth. The New Minister. $1.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Robinson, Charles S. Laudes Domini. Songs for the Sunday-School.

CLEVELAND PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

St. Aubyn, Alan. To His Own Master.

Ricks, George. Object Lessons: How to Teach Them. First and Second Series. 90 cts. each.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON

Mozoomdar, P. C. Heart-Beats. $1.50.

ELM STREET PRINTING CO., CINCINNATI

Johnston, Rev. H. A. Moses and the Pentateuch. 50 cts.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, NEW YORK

Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Vol. I. A to L.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Atwood, George E. Complete Graded Arithmetic. Part First, 45 cts. Part Second, 85 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Polk, William M. Leonidas Polk. 2 Vols. $4.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON

Gunnison, Almon. Wayside and Fireside Rambles.

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

Taxing Schools and Churches

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook for the week ending November 25 calls attention to the importance of the coming Constitutional Convention in New York State, and concludes by saying: "We have heretofore emphasized the importance of a clause prohibiting all appropriations of moneys to any institution under denominational control."

Why not go deeper still? There is college property valued at millions under denominational control, both in New York and in Ohio, never yet registered on any tax duplicate; and this notwithstanding the onerous tax levied on the home, which is by far the best educational institution in the world. It is the lesson conned beside the mother's knee, and not the later lesson learned in the school or the college, that holds the gray-haired man to his place and work in life. Why should the home be taxed and not the university? Can any one give a plausible reason for it? I judge not. Why not, then, insist that such property be put on the tax duplicate?

We may go still further without injustice. There are countless millions in church buildings that are untaxed. Why not tax these? The objection most relied upon is, that to tax is to destroy them. Well, there are some that ought to die, and the sooner the better. In a majority of the country villages in this State are three or four denominations struggling to maintain an existence. Either is living at a "poor, dying rate." Some are largely dependent on money given for missionary purposes; and, this, too, in the midst of a thriving population where wealth abounds, and where there is not a member of the church but would regard it as an insult to be accused of accepting charity. What would be thought of the persons who strive to maintain these rival organizations if they were to advocate the building of as many rival railways running through the town, with depots and officials to match? Every man of business sense would regard them as lunatics, for every such man knows that one well-equipped railway or church is better than three or four that are ill equipped.

This subject is worthy of serious consideration. Neither governments nor churches can afford to perpetrate or perpetuate any injustice. The eternal laws will vindicate themselves. There never yet was permanent gain through unjust measures. Time has its revenges, and the Power not ourselves always makes for righteousness. A. B. C.

See our comment on editorial pages.—THE EDITORS.

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Enforcement of Prohibitory Laws

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In reading the excellent letter about "The Saloon *per se*," in your issue of December 23, it was very disappointing to find the author at its close saying, "Very few, if any, States are ready for State-wide prohibition, but most of the States could make the dispensary plan a success." While I believe the dispensary system preferable to the open saloon, yet the fact remains that the States are no more ready for State-wide dispensaries than for State-wide prohibition. The situation, as far as readiness for the law is concerned, is about the same in South Carolina as in the prohibition States. In both, as a rule, willing obedience is rendered throughout the country districts, while, upon the other hand, in both, the large towns and cities are strongly opposing the law's enforcement. Witness the rebellious attitude of Greenville, Spartansburg, Charleston, etc., against South Carolina's dispensary law. Governor Tillman, in his report of the first four months' operation of the new law, declares that "almost all the people of Charleston are in league against the law, and are determined to overthrow it." Accordingly, he recommends that wine and beer selling be licensed under certain restrictions. This is the first step in retreat. The next, the removal of burdensome restrictions, will soon naturally follow, and then the end, as in Iowa to-day, is apparently not far off. So the history of the dispensary system of South Carolina runs along the same channels of varied obedience and opposition to law as does that of the Western prohibition States. There has, however, been a difference between these States, as far as the attempt at law-enforcement is concerned; and whatever superiority the dispensary law has shown over prohibition laws is due, *not* to the "State-readiness for the dispensary," as your correspondent infers, but to the vigorous display of executive power in behalf of the law. Given the same favorable conditions—namely, men in official positions behind the laws who believe in their enforcement, and who will not perjure themselves by violation of their oath of office, even though public sentiment upheld them in it—and it could be said of each of the prohibition States, as your correspondent declares of South Carolina, "There is a State without saloons." This is forcibly illustrated by the account which he gives at the beginning of his article, describing the results in one Western city of the enforcement of prohibition laws. True, the Haddock murder aroused a public sentiment which demanded such action; but, with or without public sentiment, while a law is upon the statute-books all possible means should be used to secure its enforcement. This has been the attitude of Governor Tillman in South Carolina. It is in strong contrast with the positions of Governors Boies and Lewelling, of Iowa and Kansas, who have allowed open and flagrant violations of the prohibitory laws to exist, without attempting to secure their enforcement by the proper use of executive authority in compelling perjured local officials to perform their sworn duty. Here is the situation, briefly stated: In South Carolina the machinery of the law is in the hands of its friends; in the prohibition States it is in the hands of its enemies. Elect men to office who believe in the strict enforcement of those laws, and, instead of being ineffective, they will become fully as operative as, and more productive of good than, the dispensary system can possibly be. As I see it, there is but one method by which this can be successfully accomplished. That is, by all our voters who believe in the prohibitory policy cutting loose from the old parties, who are so thoroughly under the domination of the liquor traffic, and casting their ballots, as a unit, for the election to all offices of men whose belief in the enforcement of prohibitory laws is based upon a firm faith in the principle of prohibition itself. J. H. B.

Island Heights, N. J.

—

The Danbury Hatters

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I notice in your issue of The Outlook for December 16, 1893, an editorial upon the "lockout" of the Danbury hatters. Judging from the article named, I thought perhaps a fuller explanation of the trouble might be acceptable. I am one of the "locked out" hatters, having been employed at "finishing" for the last nine years.

As to the profits in hat-manufacturing: the senior partner of a firm which is rated by Dun at $200,000, in conversation with me about a year ago, said that he had been in business but sixteen years, and when entering was so poor that he was obliged to borrow the few hundred dollars invested. He has since been loud in protesting that he is unable to make money while employing union help. Several other firms might be mentioned who have done nearly or quite as well, and not one of them has been embarrassed by the recent financial depression. In regard to the Manufacturers' Association asking to be relieved from the more important union rules, I would state that the unions have granted more than half of the concessions asked by the manufacturers; more, I think I can safely say, than any other labor union would have been willing to grant. Even after all this, we are discharged. Now, the manufacturers say they expect every person who works for them in the future to sign a printed agreement. They do not say what that agreement is, but enough has been learned of it to know that it would be repugnant to any intelligent, liberty-loving citizen of our great Nation. They also propose to employ children in large numbers. Another feature of the "lockout" is an attempt on the part of the manufacturers to induce the merchants to refuse credit to the hatters, thereby trying to starve the employees into submission to the will of a few. There are at present thirty hat-factories in the city. Eleven of them are still running, employing union help and using the union label; ten of these, though, are very small. One large factory is running, viz., that of Crofut & White, which has always employed union help. The nineteen factories which are closed are owned by members of the Hat-Manufacturers' Association, and employed about 85 or 90 per cent. of the hatters in the city. During the time (nearly four weeks) in which the hands have been "locked out," there has been no drunkenness and no violence. Under the agreement now broken by the manufacturers, all difficulties were settled by arbitration, work being continued uninterruptedly. A leading manufacturer was asked not long ago what would be the result if the merchants should attempt to arbitrate the present trouble. The answer was: "They would be told to mind their own business."

DANBURY HATTER.

—

"A New Judaism"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for December 9, Anna L. Dawes gives the above name to that phase of religious thought that demands a literal interpretation of the precepts of Jesus. But do not the more thoughtful of this class of believers regard these precepts, not as a new moral code, but merely the illustrations necessary to make clear the practical carrying-out of the great principle of love which Jesus gave his life to expound? If so, not only should they be literally practiced, but, as the principle is always more exacting and far-reaching than its illustrative precept, many similar practices will be added to them by the true disciple of Jesus.

The true Judaist is rather he who clings to the old principle of self-defense, which found its sanction in such precepts as that of the Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye," etc., which Jesus abrogated. The reason for legal and military defense, whether of the individual or of a community of individuals, whether by the individual arm or by the arm of the law and the prison, is found, in the last analysis, to arise from the conviction that the property of the defendant is worth more than character.

A. S. P.

Fort Collins, Colo.

Notes and Queries

I was much interested in your recommendation of the Rev. R. F. Horton's "Revelation and the Bible," procured the book, and read it carefully. It solved some doubts and cleared up many dark places. 1. Can you recommend any commentary on the Bible as being written from a similar point of view, or that of liberal Christianity, and not primarily intended to establish certain orthodox dogmas? To be simple and suitable for use by a layman. 2. Would you recommend Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament" in this connection? 3. Can you give name and publisher of an edition of the Pentateuch in ink of different colors to represent work of the different authors, which appeared last year? (Perhaps Ellis's, not Bacon's.) N. C. R.

1. There is nothing of the kind, at least of modern character. 2. It is a learned work, rather unsuitable for any but a scholar. 3. We know of no such edition of the Pentateuch, but with colored pencils one might easily make one out of his English Bible by following the references given in Driver's "Introduction."

What is the best work on American banking?

M. K.

The clearest and most comprehensive book on American or any other banking is that by Professor Dunbar, of Harvard.

I desire the names of three or four good books of sermons, suitable for children from eight to fourteen.

J. W. C.

Buxton's "Short Sermons for Children ($1.05), Norton's "The King's Ferryboat"

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($1), Hyde's "Sermon Pictures for Children's Services" ($1.25), and Howatt's "Children's Pew" ($1.50) are suitable, and can be had from Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

We are reading now "Our Heredity from God," by E. P. Powell. Will you please state in your "Notes and Queries" the value of his writings, particularly in this book. X.

Mr. Powell is a writer of wide information and deep insight. The book you refer to is in accord with much of the best modern thought, and well worth a place in a good home library.

Please indicate the name of a good book of Bible stories suitable for boys and costing not over $1.50. C. R.

We recommend "The Bible and Its Story," by Josephine Pollard (Routledge, $1).

An inquiry was made concerning the author of the following lines:

"Ah me! the subtle boundary between
What pleasures and what pains!" etc.

The author is Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, and the quotation is from her sonnet called "Semitones," contained in her "Sonnets and Lyrics." M. O.

Can any one tell me where to find the poem beginning:

"Where are the voices kings were glad to hear?
Where now the feast, the song, the bayadere?
The end is nothing, and the end is near."

G. S. L.

Can any one give me the words of a little poem by Mrs. Sally McLean Platt, written in the negro dialect and beginning

"De Massa ob de sheep-fol'"?

M. B. B.

Where can I find a poem containing the lines—

"God give us men,
Tall men, sun-crowned"?

C. H. W.

"A Square Meal for a Nickel"

This is the ideal which the Industrial Christian Alliance has attained at 170 Bleecker Street, New York, and with which it is battling the present hard times. The restaurant, which has a daily capacity of from one to two thousand meals, is open every day in the year, from seven in the morning to twelve at night. For five cents a customer gets a large bowl of meat-stew (in which the place of meat and potatoes is not taken by an excess of "stew"), three or four slices of bread, and as many cups of coffee. The food is of fair quality, and it is a cheering sight to witness rows of hungry men at last *satisfied*. The charitable may buy tickets at the rate of five dollars a hundred, thus relieving any genuine necessity of street applicants without the uncomfortable suspicion that good intentions are thwarted by imposition. In connection with the restaurant there is a People's Hotel, where supper, bath, clothes-steaming, bed, and breakfast will be supplied at a nominal cost. The rooms are large and airy, and the cots clean. The entire experience is a change from that of Bowery lodging-houses. Yet no Bowery "rounders" will apply here for free aid. Helping men to help themselves is the principle of the Alliance. While it boards and lodges one hundred penniless persons at a time, they are directly put to work, in return for what they receive, at cleansing, repairing, and decorating the huge house which the Alliance has taken, or in its laundry, kitchen, and dining-rooms, or in its tailor, shoe, and carpenter shops, or in the broom-factory. This last institution is located across the street, and presents an impressive sight. One sees men from all classes there hard at work. The foreman says that five per cent. of them are college graduates, among whom were recently two physicians, two lawyers, and two clergymen! If, perchance, the street-cleaning offered by the East Side Relief Work Committee be too severe for some destitute weaklings, they can at least sort straw, and, if they remain, are put to more technical labors, so that, in addition to immediate employment, they really learn a trade. All persons who wish to help in relieving the present acute suffering, as well as to work against more chronic conditions, will welcome the Alliance's endeavor. Were the necessary funds at hand, it could put more men than a hundred to work in return for their food and shelter, and thus restore more men to self-respect.

Its treasurer is Mr. J. P. Townsend, 18 Wall Street. B.

An American Symphony

In the December number of "The Music Review" and in the January number of the "Century" Miss Fletcher puts forth two readable papers on "Indian Songs." These articles come before the public at the very appropriate time of the first performance of "From the New World: An American Symphony," by the greatest living master of orchestral coloring, whose theme was suggested by Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The rendition by the Philharmonic Society of New York of this latest and to us most important of all the Dvorák symphonies is an epoch in our National music-life. Small wonder, then, that as late as eight o'clock on the evening of its performance there was a string of ticket-buyers extending out into the street, and that the performance was hailed with immense enthusiasm and applause. Everybody had supposed that the thematic material would follow Brahms's "Academic Overture," a tone-fabric founded on German student-songs, and that we should hear snatches of "The Star-Spangled Banner" or even "Yankee Doodle" running through the new composition. Exactly this the composer has avoided. We greet no familiar Indian, negro, or National airs, but we do greet their rhythmic turns and intervals. A man of lesser genius would have reproduced the melodies entire. The American character is further evinced in the symphonic form, at once concise, vivacious, intense. As to the instrumentation, it follows the higher art inaugurated with Wagner, but Dr. Dvorák has orchestrated this work with his own consummate individuality. *

The Ice Age

Professor A. R. Wallace states in the "Fortnightly Review" that an immense area of the Northeastern States, extending south to New York, and then westward in an irregular line to Cincinnati and St. Louis, is almost wholly covered with a deposit of drift material, in which rocks of various sizes are imbedded, while other rocks, often of enormous size, lie upon the surface. These blocks have been carefully studied by the American geologists, and they present us with some very interesting facts. Not only are the distances from which they have been transported very great, but in very many cases they are found at a greater elevation than the place from which they must have come.

Professor G. F. Wright found an enormous accumulation of bowlders on a sandstone plateau in Monroe County, Pennsylvania. Many of these bowlders were granite, and must have come either from the Adirondack Mountains, two hundred miles to the north, or from the Canadian highlands, still further away. This accumulation of bowlders was seventy or eighty feet high, and it extended many miles, descending into a deep valley one thousand feet below the plateau in a nearly continuous line, forming part of the southern moraine of the great American ice sheet.

On the Kentucky hills, about twelve miles south of Cincinnati, conglomerate bowlders, containing pebbles of red jasper, can be traced to a limited outcrop of the same rock in Canada to the north of Lake Huron, more than six hundred miles distant, and similar bowlders have been found at intervals over the whole intervening country. In both these cases the blocks must have passed over intervening valleys and hills, the latter as high or nearly as high as the source whence the rocks were derived.

Even more remarkable are numerous bowlders of Helderberg limestone on the summit of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, which must have been brought from ledges at least five hundred feet lower than the places upon which they now lie. The Blue Ridge itself shows remarkable signs of glacial abrasion in a well-defined shoulder marking the southern limit of the ice (as indicated also by heaps of drift and erratics), so that Mr. Wright concludes that several hundred feet of the ridge have been worn away by the ice.

The crowning example of bowlder transportation is, however, afforded by the blocks of light gray gneiss discovered by Professor Hitchcock on the summit of Mount Washington, over six thousand feet above sea-level, and identified with Bethlehem gneiss, whose nearest outcrop is in Jefferson, several miles to the northwest, and three thousand or four thousand feet lower than Mount Washington.

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A Natural Bridge of Agate

A mining expert sent to investigate some Arizona properties for Denver capitalists recently returned, says the "Jewellers' Journal," and reports the finding of a most remarkable natural bridge, formed by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a cañon forty-five feet in width. The tree had at some remote time fallen and become imbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water-overflow. The silt became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization, and is now a wonderful tree of solid agate.

In after years water washed and ate away the sandstone until a cañon forty-five feet in width had been formed, the flinty-like substance of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow. Fully fifty feet of the tree rest on one side and can be traced, but how far its other side lies buried in the sandstone cannot be determined without blasting away the rock.

The trunk visible above the cañon varies in size from four feet to three feet in diameter. Where the bark has been broken and torn away the characteristic colors of jasper and agate are seen. Under a microscope or miner's magnifying-glass the brilliancy of the colorings is clearly brought out in all their wondrous beauty.

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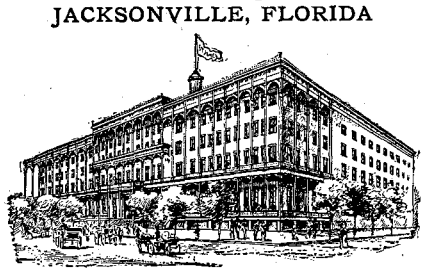

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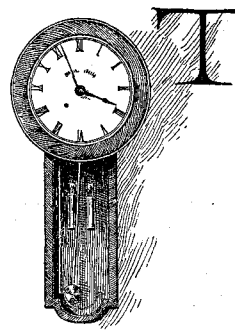


TIME FOR PLANNING WINTER TRIPS

Write the Recreation Department for assistance. We shall be glad to help you find the place you are looking for, and tell you of hotels and routes. It makes no difference where you think of going; we can give you information in regard to any winter resort anywhere.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, New York

Winter Sanatorium at Lakewood, N. J.

In the great pine belt of New Jersey. Turkish, Roman, pine, salt, iron, sulphur, electro-thermal, and all hydropathic baths; electricity in all its forms; massage. Open fireplaces; sun parlor; electric bells; electric lights in all public rooms; Alderney milk and cream. Open from October 1 to June 1, with or without treatment. Address H. J. CATE, M.D., Lakewood, New Jersey.

AN IDEAL HOME
Perfect appointments; beautifully furnished; scientifically conducted.
An even summer temperature the year round.
IF YOU ARE SEEKING HEALTH
you can find it, as well as pleasure, at
ALMA SANITARIUM
ALMA, MICH.
TWO MINERAL WATERS. Write for Illustrated Pamphlet.

AIKEN, SOUTH CAROLINA
WINTER RESORT for HEALTH and PLEASURE Driest Climate in the United States, except points of great altitude in the Rocky Mountains.
HIGHLAND PARK HOTEL
FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
Electric Lights, Elevator. Pure Spring Water. Perfect Drainage. Pure Milk from our own Dairy. Unexcelled Cuisine. Billiard Room, Ladies' Billiard Room, Bowling Alley, Tennis Courts, etc. Good Livery. Hotel grounds embrace 350 acres Pine Forest. **Now Open.** For circular and terms address **G. P. CHATFIELD, Proprietor.**

New Jersey

HEALTH RESORT
BAKER HOUSE, Vineland, N. J.
Pure air, pure water, no malaria. Open year round. Terms $2 per day, $7 to $10 per week.
S. R. FOWLER, Prop.

New York

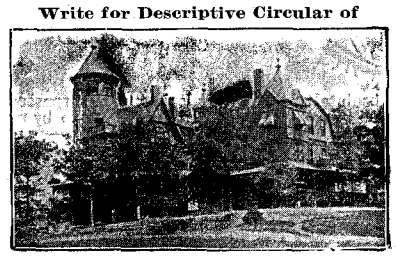
The Jackson Sanatorium
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)
Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.
Personal Care of experienced Physicians. *All* valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.
Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua* Cooking School.
On line D., L. & W. R. R., between New York and Buffalo. Open all the year. For illustrated circular, etc., address J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Sec'y.

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, open fireplaces, sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all remedial appliances. Saratoga waters and winter sports. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

North Carolina

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Board, at a pleasant house, centrally located. Large, sunny rooms; attractive grounds. Northern management.
Mrs. H. N. LOWELL, 77 Charlotte Street.

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?
Write for Descriptive Circular of



Oakland Heights Hotel
location, appointments, and climate perfect. **ASHEVILLE N. C.** HEALTH RECREATION REST

THE SWANNANOA **ASHEVILLE N. C.**
Strictly ood, medium-priced, all-the-year family hotel.
R. R. RAWLS.

(For other advertisements in this department see following page.)

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North Carolina

MOUNTAIN PARK HOTEL

HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

A Perfect Winter Resort. Altitude, 1,800 Feet. Dry pure air and mild equable temperature. A first-class hotel with all modern improvements. **Through Pullman cars** from **New York** daily 4:30 P.M., via Pennsylvania R.R. **Sanitary arrangements unsurpassed.** Luxurious marble baths supplied with natural Thermal waters, a specific in cases of gout, rheumatism, and insomnia.

Dr. Schuman Leclercq, with large experience gained from nine years' professional service at **Carlsbad, Austria,** is the Physician in charge.

WM. G. DOOLITTLE, } Managers,
P. B. BODEN, } Hot Springs, N. C.
or JOHN D. KEILEY, Prest., **19** Whitehall St., N. Y.

Pennsylvania

WALTER'S SANITARIUM

Walter's Park, Wernersville, Pa.

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER RESORT IN SOUTHERN PENNA
ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

South Carolina

AIKEN, S. C. Busch House

Rates, $2 per day. Special rates by week.
HENRY BUSCH, Proprietor.

WINTER BOARDERS received in Southern family. Climate highly recommended by Dr. Willard Parker. References: Proprietor of Hobkirk Inn and Rev. James Stoney, Grace Church, Camden, S. C.
W. A. ANCRUM, Camden, S. C.

UFTON COURT, Camden, S. C.—Old-fashioned Southern home, beautifully situated, half a mile from depot, post-office, etc. Charming walks and drives. No malaria. Sandy soil and pines. For terms, Northern references, and printed matter address
Mrs. ROGER GRISWOLD PERKINS.

CHARLESTON HOTEL

CHARLESTON, S. C. E. H. JACKSON, Prop.
Rates, $3 and $4 per day. Rooms with baths extra.

PINE FOREST INN

WINTER RESORT
Summerville, South Carolina
OPENS NOVEMBER 15, 1893
HARVEY S. DENISON, Manager

A new substantial and elegant property AMIDST THE PINES, unlimited attractions, 22 miles from CHARLESTON, frequent trains.
New York office, Murray Hill Hotel.
Chicago office, Hotel Richelieu.

Virginia

Absolutely free from malaria and unsurpassed for healthfulness generally, and so testified to by physicians; with air heavily charged with ozone—nature's greatest boon to the health-seeker—with scenic attractions unrivaled, Old Point Comfort ranks foremost as a winter resort, while its world-famous Hygeia Hotel, with its improved and now perfect drainage and other sanitary arrangements, the unquestioned purity of its drinking-water, unsurpassed cuisine, embracing every delicacy of land and sea foods, the charm of its resident garrison life, its abundant Musical features and dancing, constitute a variety of attractions seldom offered at any resort.
F. N. PIKE, Manager.

HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM

With the Improved **Excelsior Incubator.**

Simple, Perfect, Self-Regulating. Thousands in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch a larger percentage of fertile eggs at less cost than any other Hatcher. Lowest priced first-class Hatcher made.
Circulars free. Send 6c. for Illus. Catalogue.
GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

TRAVEL

GOOD NEWS

Visit the Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco

You have long contemplated a California trip, and this winter offers you an excellent chance. The holding of a Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco will be an incentive for many to visit California.

Now, the "Good News" we suggest at heading is this: The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Ry. has put on a daily Tourist Car from Chicago to San Francisco, via Ft Worth, El Paso, and Los Angeles. It is a lovely winter route.

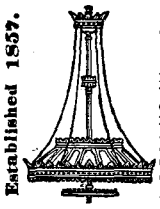
The weekly Phillips Rock Island Excursions, leaving Boston every Tuesday, are personally conducted from ocean to ocean, and are popular. This car arrives and leaves Chicago every Thursday. There is also a car leaving Chicago every Tuesday, and its route is via Pueblo, the Scenic Route, and Ogden, to San Francisco, same as Boston car.

Rates low. Write to any Great Rock Island Route representative for full particulars, or address
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G.P.A., Chicago.

Perfect road-bed, four tracks, fine cars, elegant service, quick time, and Grand Central Station—all by the New York Central; the best line between New York or Boston and Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

For a copy of one of the "Four-Track Series" send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Established 1857.



The Great CHURCH LIGHT

Frink's Patent Reflectors for Gas, Oil, or Electric, give the most **powerful, softest, cheapest,** and **best** light known for Churches, Stores, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular & estimate. A liberal discount to churches & the trade
Don't be deceived by cheap imitations.
I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl St., N.Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

Dr. Hay's **HAIR HEALTH** warranted to renew youthful color to Gray Hair. Most satisfactory Hair grower, 50c. London Supply Co. 853 B'way, New York, will send Hair Book & box HAYS' KILL CORNS, Best Corn Cure, both **FREE**

Arnold Constable & Co.

Spring, 1894

Embroideries

SPRING IMPORTATION

Hamburgh, Nainsook, and Swiss Edgings,
with Insertion to match.

White and Colored Swiss Flouncing,
with Valenciennes Edging and Insertion.

Embroidered Point de Venise and Point de Gene Edging,
with Insertion to match.

Guipure Flouncing, Open Work,

White Swiss Flouncing, 45 inch wide,
with Edging to match.

Zephyr Robes

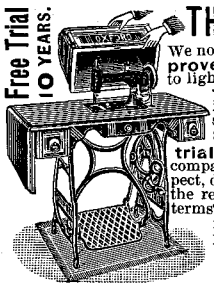
with Lace and Hemstitch effects.

Rich Laces, Bridal Veils,
Lace Handkerchiefs,
Embroidered Handkerchiefs,
Gloves.

Broadway & 19th st.
New York

CYLINDER SHUTTLE USED IN THIS MACHINE.

Free Trial 10 YEARS.



THIS MACHINE FOR $14. FREIGHT PRE-PAID.

We now offer for the next sixty days this elegant Oxford **High Arm Improved Singer** sewing machine—perfect—reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, self threading **Cylinder Shuttle, Self Setting Needle,** complete set of the latest **Steel Attachments,** cabinet work best of walnut or oak, each machine warranted for ten years, safe delivery guaranteed and will sell a few at this extremely low price, **$14, freight prepaid,** or will ship machine on **thirty days' trial,** subject to approval and examination for $15. When cash in full accompanies order for one of these machines if it is not satisfactory in every respect, do the work any family sewing machine can do, we bind ourselves upon the return of machine to refund all money. Where can you buy on better terms? Do not let this opportunity of a life time pass if you are in need of a first class sewing machine. Cut this out and send it to us to-day with your order. Our large catalogue, showing the machines awarded **Premium Medal** at the World's Fair, Chicago, sent **free** to any address.

OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

TIFFANY GLASS & DECORATING COMPANY

·FURNISHERS·&·GLASS·WORKERS·DOMESTIC·&·ECCLESIASTICAL·

·DECORATIONS· ·MEMORIALS·

·333·TO·341·FOURTH·AVENUE·NEW·YORK·

The Old Reliable Standard Pen, No. 048.

ESTERBROOK'S FALCON

26 John St., N. Y.

150 OTHER STYLES.

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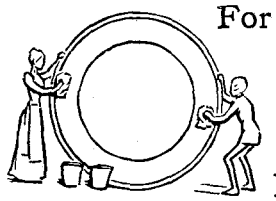

For washing Dishes, there's nothing like **Pearline.**

Why don't you begin the use of it in that way, if you're one of the timid sisters who still think that **Pearline** "eats the clothes?" Then you can soak things in it for a year or two, and test it in every way, until you become convinced that **Pearline** can't do any harm. But it won't eat your dishes, that's sure. It won't clog up the sink pipes, either, as soap does. And that cloudy effect that you've probably noticed on cut glass and china when it's washed with soap—that won't be there if you wash it with **Pearline.**

Beware of imitations. 412 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

January Sale Woolen Dress Goods

Having just finished stock-taking, we have re-marked all our Dress Goods stock so that immediate buyers may secure uncommon values, during the week, in Rich Foreign Dress Goods. The most costly Novelties in Woolens, heavily threaded with silk and knotted with velvet, are included.

Several thousand unassorted ends and lengths of French and English Dress Goods marked very low, to effect prompt sales.

Twenty lines of last spring's importations—in no way unfashionable—at prices to satisfy the most exacting.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway & 11th Street New York

RHEUMATISM
Perfectly and Permanently
CURED
BY USING ONE BOTTLE
YELLOW PINE COMPOUND
Price, $2.00; by Express, $2.25.
Send for treatise.
YELLOW PINE EXTRACT CO.
ALLEGHENY, PA.
For sale by all druggists.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.00. RIFLES $2.00 WATCHES **GUNS** BICYCLES $15 All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to POWELL & CLEMENT CO 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Financial

The continual growth of the surplus reserve in the city banks is further evidence, if any more were needed, of the complete stagnation of all classes of business. Nearly $78,000,000 surplus thus piled up, with no possible use for it, consistent with safety and sound banking, indicates a collapse of enterprise, a depression, unprecedented in the history of bank surplus. Money, on good and fair collateral, can be obtained in millions at 1 per cent. on call. Money, also, is easier in the London and Berlin markets, and sterling bills are lower and in plentiful supply at 2 per cent. below the gold export point. It is fortunate, as a matter of sentiment, which has much to do with confidence and credit, that there is no volume of gold leaving now; a draft on the Treasury or on the banks for gold at the present time might create apprehension that a further depletion of the gold in the Treasury might result from such drafts, for at the present moment the Treasury balance of gold is down to $82,000,000, and the aggregate balance of free money in the Treasury is about ninety millions of dollars of all kinds of funds.

The great features in the markets for securities for the week have been the appointment of receivers for the Atchison system, covering 10,000 miles of railway, and for the New York and New England road as well. The amount of securities represented by all the lines thus thrown in the hands of the courts, in the former system, reaches nearly $350,000,000. The total of all the roads now in receivers' hands, in the country, aggregates 40,000 miles, with stocks and bonds equal to about $2,000,000,000 par value. These figures, of course, break the record by a long distance, and indicate a state of depression in the matter of transportation quite unprecedented; this shrinkage in merchandise movements is an index of the curtailment in trade of which we have spoken. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that these conditions may continue through the winter months. Since the last of November railway earnings have shrunken to the lowest ebb.

The general markets, both for bonds and stocks, experienced the shock of the new receivers appointed, as stated above, and the shrinkage was very violent in both branches with the securities in question, resulting in declines of from five to ten per cent. This demoralization in parts of the market had the effect of lowering all quotations on the whole list. The buying power has in this way been greatly weakened, and the general discredit engendered both in our markets and in the markets abroad is more apparent than at any time in the past three months.

The distribution of dividends and interest on January 1 and through the month ordinarily would serve to furnish a great many millions of dollars for reinvestment in the markets, but it is a question how much of these funds will this season be thus employed, for, between the discrediting of securities and the shrinkage in incomes, there will be a large falling off in investment moneys. Yet it must be borne in mind that money is not destroyed; it is on deposit in the banks, and some day, with confidence recovered on the part of both investors and speculators, we may see a great change in the markets. The watcher of security markets should bear in mind that especially is the old French epigram true that "the unexpected happens" in security values. The market closes with some recoveries and with a partially improved tone.

The following is the bank statement:

Loans, increase	$1,319,900
Specie, increase	1,795,700
Legal tenders, increase	2,979,200
Deposits, increase	7,590,100
Reserve, increase	2,877,375

This gives the city banks a surplus reserve of $80,815,150, with money ruling at purely nominal rates; indeed, it has loaned *flat* during the week.

WALL STREET.

—At the recent memorial meeting in honor of Francis Parkman held at the Sanders Theater, Cambridge, President Eliot spoke of the fact that Parkman's love of nature grew out of his Cambridge life, and that the dead historian was Harvard's first Professor of Horticulture, adding: "How remarkable is his work, when we consider that he had only a few moments each day that he could devote to study! We draw from his life the same lesson as from that of Darwin. Not more than twenty minutes at a time could Darwin devote himself to his work, and rarely more than twice each day; yet see the store of knowledge he has opened up to us. With Parkman it was the same. Rarely could he study over half an hour at a time, yet he left us a great monument."

For Nervous Prostration
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. GREGORY DOYLE, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue its use."

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, Company' Building, 308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

HOME Savings and Loan ASSOCIATION of MINNEAPOLIS

Paid-in Capital, $1,000,000

I offer a variety of safe investments guaranteed by this Association. City Mortgages, Coupon Certificates, and Collateral Trust Gold Bonds. The latter secured by a special deposit with a trust company of **First Mortgages on City Real Estate,** at the rate of **160 per cent. of Mortgages** for every bond issued.

Interest from six to eight per cent.

For pamphlet address **H.F.NEWHALL** Manager Eastern Office

535 Drexel Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

☞Persons who have made unsatisfactory investments in Minneapolis or St. Paul are invited to correspond with me. Perhaps I can be of service.

COLLECTIONS.
Western Mortgages.

Holders of western mortgages obtained through defunct companies are finding

The Atlas Land and Investment Co., of Lawrence, Kansas,

the best and cheapest agency for collecting interest and principal, foreclosing defaulted mortgages, looking up back taxes, renting and selling land. The Atlas Co. has rendered valuable service to many hundred investors at a minimum expense. We have a few choice, safe loans where we personally know both security and borrowers. Correspondence solicited. L. H. PERKINS. President.

10% Annual cash dividends past 8 years, pure Building Association no speculative features. Small and large deposits received. Particulars free.
PROVIDENT SAVING ASS'N, Indianapolis, Ind.

You Are Losing

$ if your savings are earning only 3 or 4%. You should have at least 6% with perfect safety.
Our little book is free.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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About People

—It is rumored that the Emperor William is endeavoring to buy the Cape Diamond, the largest in the world, for the new crown now being made for him in Berlin.

—Governor Brown, of Rhode Island, by omitting the customary official New Year's reception, is thus enabled to send a check for $250 to the Overseers of the Poor.

—Signor Crispi, the new Italian Prime Minister, is a man of robust physique and of an uncommon enthusiasm for hard work. He rises early and does not waste a moment of the day.

—The wheat king of the Argentine Republic, Señor José Guazzone, owning sixty-three thousand acres of land, went to Buenos Ayres eighteen years ago with but a few dollars in his pocket.

—Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse, is seventy-three years old. She takes her baptismal name from the Italian city in which she was born. For fully twenty years she has lived a life of seclusion.

—Gailhard, the well-known director of the Paris Opera, who has been so active in the production of new works, has conceived the happy idea of a "Faust Trilogy," including the works of Berlioz, Gounod, and Boïto.

—The German novelist and playwright, Hermann Ludermann, whose realistic dramas have brought him such fame both in and out of his native land, has achieved an equally great financial success. He received $5,000 for his latest novel, and has contracted to write four more at that rate.

—Hartmann, who is popularly regarded as Schopenhauer's successor in philosophy, has made the sensible suggestion that, instead of erecting memorials of brass and stone to great writers, it would be far better to take the money for the purchase of their books, which should be distributed among the schools.

—The Rev. Dr. Greer, who has just been appointed Chaplain to the Seventh Regiment to succeed Dr. Paxton, came to New York in 1888 to assume the rectorship of St. Bartholomew's Church, and at once took rank among the ablest preachers of the city. He was born in Wheeling, W. Va., in 1844, and was graduated at Washington College, Pa., in 1862.

—The Emperor Francis Joseph, having been wont hitherto to take his Austrian household to Buda-Pesth on the occasions of his residence there, has done a wise thing in deciding that a Hungarian household shall be established, thus making Buda-Pesth in every respect the equal of Vienna. Magyar pride will be gratified, for the Kingdom of Hungary dates back to the year 1000, while that of Austria is only eighty-nine years old.

—Père Hyacinthe, whose object, as is well known, is to gather both Catholics and Protestants into one fold, has made his reappearance in a Paris pulpit. While the oratorical power of the famous ex-Carmelite monk, who was once the most popular preacher in Notre Dame, has been somewhat impaired, he attracts great crowds to the Protestant chapel in the Rue Taitbout. For many years the principal preacher at this chapel was the lamented Edmond de Pressensé.

—Signor Leoncavallo, who has just jumped into such great fame with "I Pagliacci," has written an earlier work which will attract far more serious interest. It is his setting to music of the Italian Renaissance, in the form of a trilogy called "Corpusculum," of which the first opera, "I Medici," is already written. "Savonarola" and "Borgia" are to follow. The poet and composer—for he writes both text and music—thus covers the time from the election of Sixtus IV. to the death of Alexander VI. It has been difficult enough for most geniuses to present upon the stage a single mythical or historical character: what shall we say of the daring mind that attempts to put forth a whole epoch?

It Pays

It pays to read the papers, especially your own family paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., are now advertising, offering paying positions to parties who engage with them, devoting all or any part of their time to their business interests. It might pay you to write to them.

A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion — Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in *all* wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Indisputable Evidence

Of the Successful Treatment of Consumption and Chest Diseases by the English Method, as Discovered and Practiced by George Thomas Congreve.

SECOND INTERVIEW

By the Special Commissioner

With REV. W. R. CAPEL, Bournemouth, late Vicar of Bickenhill, near Birmingham.

It was a real pleasure to me to meet the gentleman above named. It was a day in early November when I called at his residence, Cairnryan, Poole-road, Bournemouth—an ideal day for the time of year—and I, who had just come away from London fogs, duly appreciated the great and welcome change.

I found Mr. Capel most genial, and ready to afford me every information, and willing to tell me all about his complaint and how he was cured.

In answer to your initial question, Mr. Capel said: "Even as a young man I was always delicate, and was sent to Madeira. I was told that I should never reach eighteen, then that I could not live till twenty; but here I am at sixty-three, and I expect to be able to last a little longer."

If appearances go for anything, Mr. Capel is very likely to prove correct.

"What was it you suffered from, Mr. Capel?" I asked.

"From bronchitis and asthma, inherited from my mother. She died of asthma. At the time my wife first applied to Mr. Congreve, in 1887, I suffered a great deal, the attacks being both frequent and severe. I have already described the symptoms—the night cough, thick expectoration, soreness of the chest, and difficulty of breathing. The first winter after commencing the treatment recommended by Mr. Congreve I was much better—in fact, I was entirely free from any attack of asthmatic-bronchitis. I certainly caught a cold once, but with the aid of the medicine I was soon all right again."

"And I suppose I may take it, Mr. Capel, that you are still keeping well?"

"I have just had another attack of bronchitis, caused by catching a frightful cold through going out in very bad weather. When I came home I knew I was in for it, so I just took some of the medicine, and that put me right."

"You are certainly very enthusiastic about Mr. Congreve's Balsam," I remarked.

"It is the best medicine I have ever had. I have recommended it over and over again. I have proved it to be a splendid remedy. I don't think that I ever mentioned before that once when I was staying in Brighton I missed the assistant at a shop at which I dealt. On asking for him I was told that he was done for—there was no hope of his recovery. Some time after, on passing down Western-road, I found this very man about to start in business. I went into the shop and spoke to him, and he told me that he had been restored by Mr. Congreve's medicine."

"I believe you have been applied to with reference to another case?"

"A clergyman wrote and asked me if the testimonial I had given was genuine, as he was anxious to persuade a young farmer in his parish to try it. I assured him it was the best thing he could do, and was much gratified to hear from the same clergyman, some months later, that the young man, who was the only son and support of his widowed mother, had quite recovered; in fact, the week before my correspondent wrote me, the patient had walked eighteen miles, and was none the worse for it."

"I am sure I am much obliged to you for so kindly speaking in favor of the treatment."

"I am only too glad to do anything to make it known. I consider myself much indected to Mr. Congreve."

Before I said "Good-morning," the Rev. W. R. Capel told me that a doctor, a near neighbor of his, was recommending Mr. Congreve's treatment to a Major-General whom he knew, which latter fact, I consider, speaks volumes for the liberality and good sense of the medical gentleman referred to.

NOTE.—Mr. Capel's own case was published (in the weekly papers only) in June, 1890.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read Mr. Congreve's book on Consumption of the Lungs or Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had, post-free, for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of $1.00 bottle of Balsamic Elixir.

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR can be obtained from many drug-stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of 50 cts., $1.00, $1.75, $3.75, or $7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

GEO. THOMAS CONGREVE,
London, Eng., and
4 Wooster Street, NEW YORK.
☞ **Mention this paper.**

PETER MÖLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

THIS Oil is prepared by an improved process, which is the result of years of scientific investigation, and may confidently be relied upon as being free from disagreeable taste and smell and

Of Absolute Purity.

Möller's Oil always gives Satisfactory Results because of its Perfect Digestibility and the fact that it may be Continuously Administered without causing gastric disturbance.

In flat, oval bottles, capsuled and hermetically sealed and dated. Ask for Moller's Pure Oil.

For sale at all properly stocked drug stores in the United States and Canada.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK,
Sole Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

An institution for the thoroughly effective and perfectly scientific treatment of Cancer, Tumors, and all malignant growths, **without the use of the knife.**

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Book giving a description of our Sanatorium and treatment, with terms and references, free. Address

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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IT is a source of satisfaction to the manufacturer to be able to fashion a useful article so that the purchaser finds it highly ornamental as well. Such are the large variety of Bonbon and Ice Cream dishes, Berry, Fruit and Salad Bowls made in **Dorflinger's American Cut Glass.**

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C. Dorflinger & Sons,
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Beecham's pills are for

biliousness
bilious headache
dyspepsia
sour stomach
torpid liver
dizziness
sick headache
bad taste in the mouth
coated tongue
loss of appetite
piles

when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B F Allen Co, 365 Canal st, New York.

Indispensable in Every good Kitchen

As every good housewife knows, the difference between appetizing, delicious cooking and the opposite kind is largely in delicate sauces and palatable gravies. Now, these require a strong, delicately flavored stock, and the best stock is

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

FISCHER PIANOS. Estb. 1840.
Grand, Upright and Square.
Moderate Prices.
TO RENT, INSTALMENTS, AND EXCHANGED.
5th Ave., cor. 16th St., N.Y.

$25 to $50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc.; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing, or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. P. Harrison & Co. Columbus, O.

SUBSCRIBERS' WANTS

Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

A REFINED YOUNG WOMAN desires a position as nurse and companion to an invalid lady. References given. Address No. **5,493**, care The Outlook.

Mr. Lowell on "The Function of the Poet"

From a hitherto unpublished lecture printed in the January "Century"

The poet, under whatever name, always stands for the same thing—imagination. And imagination in its highest form gives him the power, as it were, of assuming the consciousness of whatever he speaks about, whether man or beast, or rock or tree. It is the ring of Canace, which whoso has on understands the language of all created things. And as regards expression, it seems to enable the poet to condense the whole of himself into a single word. Therefore, when a great poet has said a thing, it is finally and utterly expressed, and has as many meanings as there are men who read his verse. A great poet is something more than an interpreter between man and nature; he is also an interpreter between man and his own nature. It is he who gives us those key-words the possession of which makes us masters of all the unsuspected treasure-caverns of thought and feeling and beauty which open under the dusty path of our daily life.

And it is not merely a dry lexicon that he compiles—a thing which enables us to translate from one dead dialect into another as dead—but all his verse is instinct with music, and his words open windows on every side to pictures of scenery and life. The difference between the dry fact and the poem is as great as that between reading the shipping news and seeing the actual coming and going of the crowd of stately ships—"the city on the inconstant billows dancing"—as there is between ten minutes of happiness and ten minutes by the clock.

Everybody remembers the story of the little Montague who was stolen and sold to the chimney-sweep; how he could dimly remember lying in a beautiful chamber; how he carried with him in all his drudgery the vision of a fair, sad mother's face that sought him everywhere in vain; how he threw himself one day, all sooty as he was from his toil, on a rich bed and fell asleep; and how a kind person woke him, questioned him, pieced together his broken recollections for him, and so at last made the visions of the beautiful chamber and the fair, sad countenance real to him again. It seems to me that the offices that the poet does for us are typified in this nursery-tale. We all of us have our vague reminiscences of the stately home of our childhood—for we are all of us poets and geniuses in our youth, while earth is all new to us, and the chalice of every buttercup is brimming with the wine of poesy—and we all remember the beautiful, motherly countenance which nature bent over us there. But somehow we all get stolen away thence; life becomes to us a sooty taskmaster, and we crawl through dark passages without end—till suddenly the word of some poet redeems us, makes us know who we are, and of helpless orphans makes us the heir to a great estate. It is to our true relations with the two great worlds of outward and inward nature that the poet reintroduces us.

—The new Prime Minister of France, M. Casimir-Périer, is the third of his name to fill that exalted station, his father having been Premier under Thiers and his grandfather under Louis Philippe. Of the latter Prime Minister it is said that he was the only one who kept Louis Philippe loyal to the principle which overthrew Charles X. in 1830: "The King reigns, but does not govern."

A Good Child

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infants' food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.

Cudahy's REX BRAND Beef Extract

Is invaluable in the household. A feature in ***economic cookery,*** adding ***zest*** and ***flavor*** to meat dishes. ***Refreshing*** and ***invigorating*** as a ***Winter stimulant*** and ***beverage.*** Makes ***delicious, palatable*** **BEEF TEA.**

Highest award at World's Fair for "Excellence in quality and flavor."

Sample Jar sent free for 6c. postage.

THE CUDAHY PHARMACEUTICAL CO.,
South Omaha, Neb.

Our illustrated booklet, "From Ranch to Table," mailed free on receipt of address.

Ada Rehan in silver.

After thorough tests of many articles the owners of the SILVER STATUE exhibited at the World's Fair have decided to use

SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

exclusively, for cleaning and polishing the Statue, the most valuable piece of silver in the world.

Trial quantity for the asking or box post-paid, 15 cts. It's sold everywhere.

The ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 John St., New York

The plague of lamps is the breaking of chimneys; but that can be avoided. Get Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass."

The funnel-shaped tops are beaded or "pearled"—a trade-mark.

Cylinder tops are etched in the glass "MACBETH & CO. PEARL GLASS."—another trade-mark.

Pittsburgh. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE

Send for circular describing an improved

HYGIENIC METHOD

which without medicine or change of climate is a

Prevention and Cure of Consumption

and throat diseases in their early stages. It is also invaluable as a

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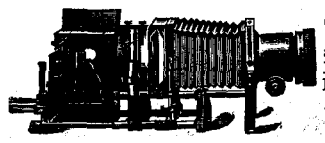
and, whatever the age or condition, will prove of great advantage in building up the general health. Address HYGIENIC SUPPLY CO., Box **1951**, E Boston, Mass.

PAINT YOUR ROOFS WITH DIXON'S SILICA GRAPHITE PAINT

Water will run from it pure and clean. It covers double the surface of any other paint, and will *last four or five times longer.* Equally useful for any iron work. Send for circulars. JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

A TWO CENT stamp will carry this paper to your friend in any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, after you have read it and written your name on the corner.



Criterion and Parabolon MAGIC LANTERNS

and Stereopticons, Oil, Lime, or Electric Light, Views of World's Fair, Scripture, Temperance and other subjects for profitable public lectures or private talks.

Catalogues free, **J. B. COLT & CO.** 16 Beekman St., New York. 189 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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To The Fair Sex.
Oh Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
Yet in your house you well do know
The value of Sapolio!

Registered Trade-Mark

LINENS

Our annual sale of Housekeeping Linens, etc., will be continued throughout the coming week. Attention is directed to a few of the special values offered:

TABLE LINENS by the yard, at
65c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, and $2.00.
REDUCED FROM
75c., 85c., $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, and $2.50.

NAPKINS, 3-4 size, at
$2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, and $6.00 per doz.
REDUCED FROM
$3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00, and $7.50 per doz.

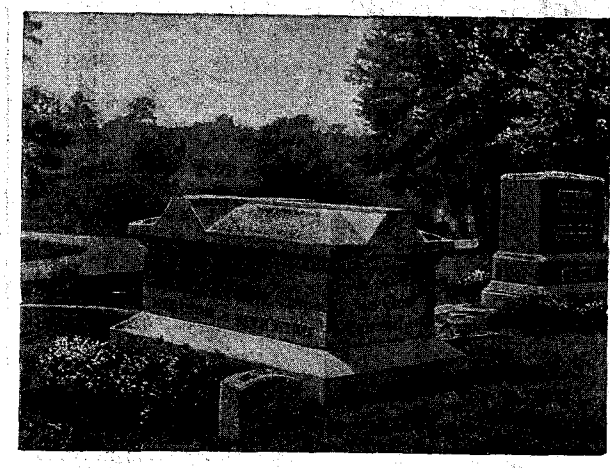
TABLE-CLOTHS, 2x3 yards, at
$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.50, and $6.00 each.
REDUCED FROM
$3.00, $4.00, $4.25, $5.50, and $7.50 each.

Other special offerings are: Napkins and Cloths, in all sizes; a lot of Hemstitched Damask sets, assorted sizes, at less than cost to import; Towels, Hemstitched Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases, Linen Sheeting, Blankets, Quilts, and Comfortables.

James McCutcheon & Co.
THE LINEN STORE
14 WEST 23d STREET, N. Y.

MONUMENTS

In Granit, Marble, and Iona-Stone



Correspondence is solicited for work to be erected in the early spring, so that the grass and flowers will not be disturbed by the necessary constructive work.

Designs submitted to any limit of expense for work set in any part of the United States.

SEND FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK.

J & R LAMB
59 CARMINE ST., NEW YORK

The Plymouth Hymnal

FOR THE CHURCH,
THE SOCIAL MEETING,
AND THE HOME.

EDITED BY LYMAN ABBOTT

The most comprehensive collection of hymns and tunes yet made, approved both by extensive congregational use and musical taste. More than 5,000 hymns and poems, and as many tunes, have been examined in making this selection of 638 hymns and 471 tunes.

ALL EDITIONS CONTAIN A PSALTER

A feature of the Plymouth Hymnal is the collection of "Spiritual Songs" in the back part of the book, which were included specially for use in the social meeting.

Specimen returnable copy sent to pastors and choir-masters who wish to examine the book with a view to introduction.

THE OUTLOOK CO.
13 Astor Place, N. Y.

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